



OUT
**DUMP
ALTZMAN!**

STRIKE!

Henry
Saltzman
Must
Go!
**GOODBYE
HANK**

CITY!



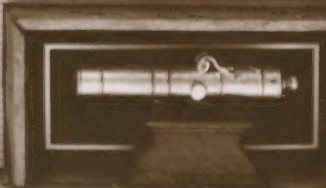
STRIKE



1817



Class of 1891



1975



Charles Pratt

October 17 must have been an exciting day around Brooklyn. After all, it isn't every day a dream comes true for someone. On that day in 1887, twelve young people climbed the stairs of a new "Main" building on Ryerson Street, and began to fulfill the dream of Charles Pratt—the Institute was born.

Charles Pratt, one of eleven children, was born the son of a Massachusetts carpenter in 1830. Caring for his younger brothers, he learned a sense of responsibility for others and the ability to balance the family budget.

Charles managed to scrape a few dollars together and spent three winters as a student at Wesleyan Academy, and he is said to have lived on a dollar a week at times.

At the age of 21 he began a career in the paint and oil business. His company soon grew and merged with Standard Oil. His shrewdness, mind for details, and keen business sense working for him, he soon became a major force in the corporation. As Standard Oil's fortune grew, so did Pratt's personal fortune, so much so, that he died the richest man in Brooklyn. Yes, Charles Pratt had a lot going for him: loads of money, a wife, a bunch of kids, a serene life living in the comfort of a fabulous Clinton Avenue mansion. But there was one thing that still haunted him. He always regretted his limited education. He searched throughout Europe for data on technical schools, and upon his return founded an institution where pupils could learn trades through the skilful use of their hands.

The dream of Charles Pratt for such a place was realized on that crisp October morning 88 years ago when Pratt Institute opened its doors for the first time.

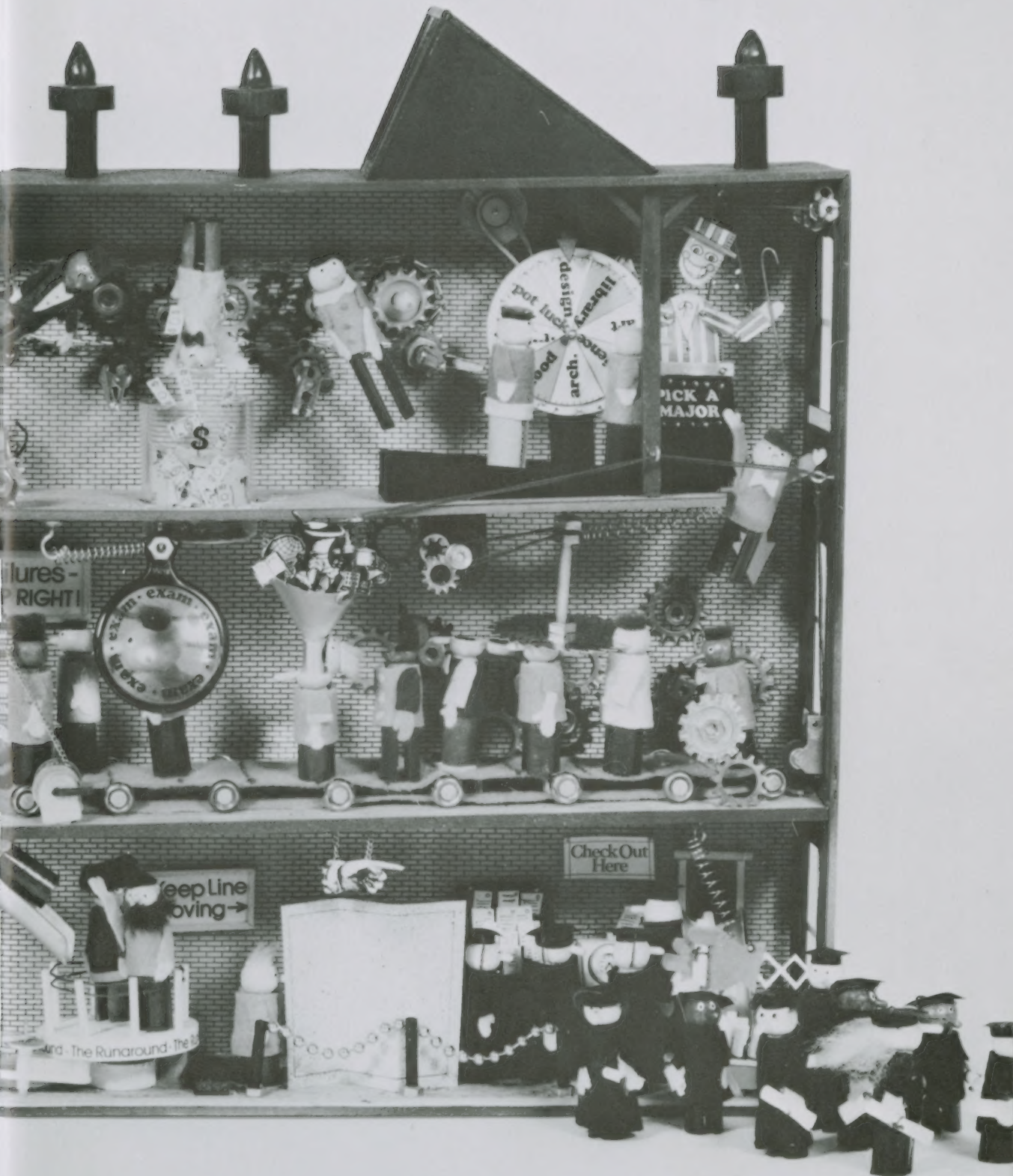
Only four years after the opening, Charles Pratt died, leaving the job of guiding the institute through its early years to his sons.

But Pratt put enough of his energy, his foresight, his money, and his spirit into this place, that it remains even today, a place where careers are molded, and dreams, like those of Charles Pratt are encouraged.

One of the persistent rumors that has floated around the campus these 88 years is the one concerning the construction of the early buildings. The story is that Charles Pratt was less than sure of the success of the Institute. So in case, just in case, Pratt Institute went under, the buildings were ordered built with massive beams, large floor areas, and heavy materials, so as to be easily converted to a factory— a shoe factory at that!

Well, the Institute has survived, remained, and somehow grown since those early days, but the rumor still lingers. Some even say that Pratt has become a factory after all . . .





The Fountain

Long after all Pratt students have gone home. Long after the last rays of sunlight have hid from the center court, the fountain comes to life. I know. I saw it with my own eyes one night.

Neptune started it all, spurring his seahorse steed with his trident. Urged on by a triton sounding a conch shell, he galloped across the waves and only paused when Venus on the half shell winked at him.

Meanwhile, on the other side, mayhem was breaking loose. Eros and Psyche were cavorting about, he on his dolphin, she fluttering about on her butterfly wings. And then, a chubby baby Bacchus, plucking grapes sauntered through the scene, leaving a trail of grape pits behind.

The dancing and kissing and merry-making went on for hours until many became sleepy. It wasn't long before the eight lion-like faces were yawning in unison. Eros and Psyche and some nymphs and cherubs were still furiously dancing when sunlight began peeking over the building edges. Dawn had arrived. The figures of this old Renaissance fountain froze in silence to stare once again into the gloomy daylight shadows of the center court, as the world of Pratt passed by.



The Flagpole

Since November 11, 1926, a flagpole has watched over Library Park at Pratt. Designed by Willard Paddock, the pedestal is of a deep gray-green color, and includes four expressive heads with upheld symbols, one for each of the four interests promoted by Pratt Institute: the pen and scroll of Literature, the hammer and square of Labor Skill, the searching glass and torch of Science, and the reflecting mirror and tools of Art.

Masses of laurel leaves and four eagles, symbolizing patriotism, North, South, East, and West, complete the sculpted bronze. The pole itself was once painted a dull green to blend with the bronze and stone color. Around the base of the bronze are the simple words that explain the meaning of the flagpole:

"To Commemorate the services of the men and women of Pratt Institute in the World War, 1914-1918."



The Cannon

Many a Pratt student has vented his emotions on the old Spanish cannon. Coat after thick coat of paint has covered its surface, with styles ranging from op art in the psychedelic sixties to a dull black in the strike-bound seventies.

Until 1973, when a group of students got together and scraped, scrubbed, polished and buffed the weapon to its original brilliance.

Once again, we saw the beautifully cut bands of ornament surrounding the barrel, and the curvy dolphins that form the handles.

The cannon came to us in 1899 from the walls of Morro Castle in Havana. In 1720, it was cast in Seville, bearing the arms of Philip V of Spain. The gun is of bronze with a five-and-one-half inch bore and it weighs some 4300 pounds.

The cannon has stood as a symbol of the Institute. In fact, our athletic teams are named "The Cannoneers." It remains today, as it has for 76 years, silently guarding the Pratt campus.



The Gate

Remember the first time you saw the gate? How it entranced you! You saw the gate with child-like attraction and you felt compelled to record it. Maybe you had just purchased your first "decent" camera, or perhaps a fresh, unmarked newsprint pad. You took the photo and printed it graphically high contrast, or scratched out the swirling lines on paper with rich charcoal.

Perhaps you weren't artistically inclined, but admired the elegance and grace of this picturesque collection of curly-cues and twists.

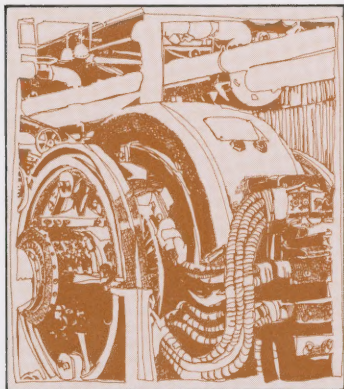
No one really knows any of its history, nor cares. Its allure is in its line and form—deep black spirals competing against the bright sky beyond. That's the magic of the gate. For years, it has excited the imaginations of Pratt students. It will continue to do so as long as it stands.



The Engine Room

The greenish flourescent light you dined in the Pl shop by, the slide projector you took your first art history test by, the elevator which saved you the walk up five floors in the Main Building: all these services used the electricity churned out from the power plant in the basement of East Hall.

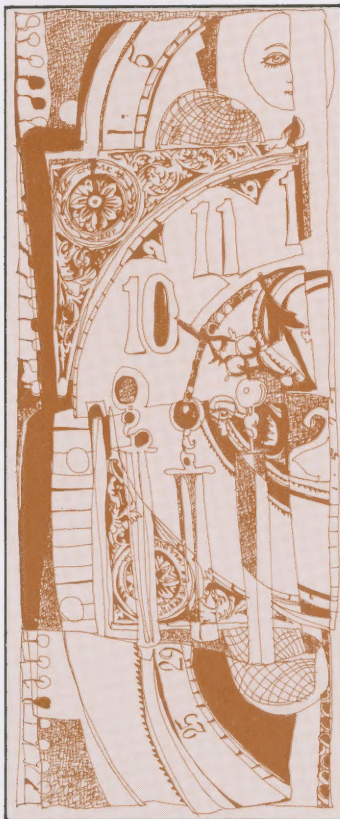
The power room is one of the oldest operating electrical plants on the East Coast. Pratt has been generating electric power in that room since 1887. The present equipment was installed in 1900. The three steam engine-driven generators are the oldest such units in New York City. They have been chugging away faithfully, day and night, to provide the people of Pratt Institute the electric power they have needed for working, teaching, and learning during the past 75 years.



The Library Clock

*Time is not measured
by the passing of the years,
but by what one does,
what one feels,
and what one achieves.*

Jawaharlal Nehru



The Library Ship

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome aboard the Sovereign of Ye Seas. Launched in 1637 by Charles I of England, it was one of the largest ships of its kind. Behind you rests a massive lantern high atop the stern. Note the huge red flag of England waving above. Now moving right along toward the bow of the ship, are stairs that will take us to the main deck. Watch your step please . . . If you will move over to your left and lean over the railing, you can see examples of the ship's magnificent carvings. Note the sunbursts and cupids and on the left is England's national emblem. Up further you will see the signs of the zodiac and symbols of weapons and armor. Also note the elaborate detail of the cannons. Ahead is the main mast with its familiar crow's nest.

Ladies and gentlemen, as you follow me down these stairs, we will pass the lifeboat, handsomely decorated with a carved lion . . .

We are now at the bow of the ship. On the forward prow is the mast head sculpture: an armored knight seated proudly upon a fanciful unicorn.

That concludes our tour this afternoon. We hope you enjoyed yourself. Do come again."



The Library

The Library, founded in 1888 by Charles Pratt as a public library, cost close to a million dollars. It was the first public library in Brooklyn and the first library anywhere to have a children's room. Two years later, Pratt established what is now the oldest library school in existence.

Looking at the library now, it's interesting to read a description of how it appeared then. The floors of the stack room were glass slabs set in a white iron framework. The bookshelves were dark oak and supported by iron uprights and brackets which were copper electroplated. The building's interior was de-

signed by the Tiffany Glass and Decorating Co. The walls and ceilings were of soft yellows, creams, buffs, terra-cottas, and yellow-greens. Siena marble columns and pilasters in the entrance hall complimented the "electric lights of latest device." The library must have been something else!

Well, even if it doesn't glitter and gleam like it used to, it's still something else: A handy source of information and a quiet place to escape for a while.



The Pratt House

The mansion at 229 Clinton Avenue was built around 1890 and was at one time, the residence of the second president of the Institute, Frederick B. Pratt. He and his wife, Caroline Ladd, lived there until his death in 1945.

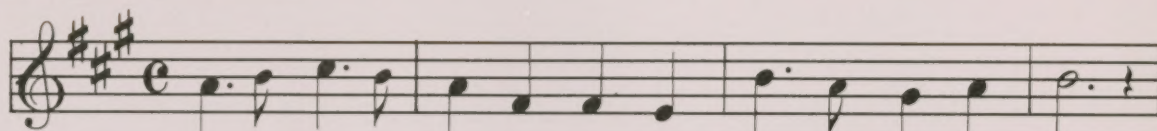
It was a magnificent home! Rich, dark, oak panels and a fabulous staircase were the beginnings of a lavish interior. Other features included a handsome library, and a reception hall which took up almost a third of the spacious floor. The outside was distinguished by a vine-covered portico, graced with sculpted columns in the form of draped ladies and gentlemen.

Students began to enjoy the comforts of Pratt House in 1945, when the mansion was given to the Institute and converted into a clubhouse and a dormitory for freshman women. It now serves as a residence for male graduate or international students.

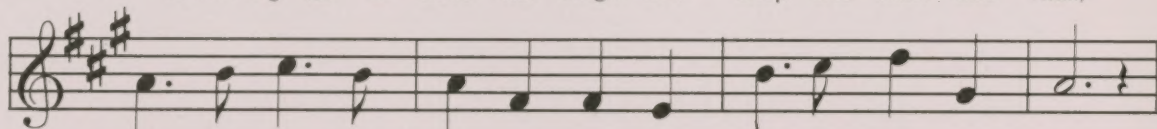




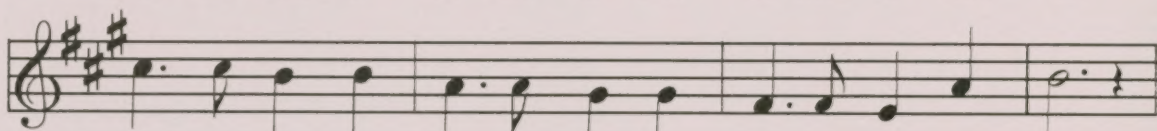
ALMA MATER



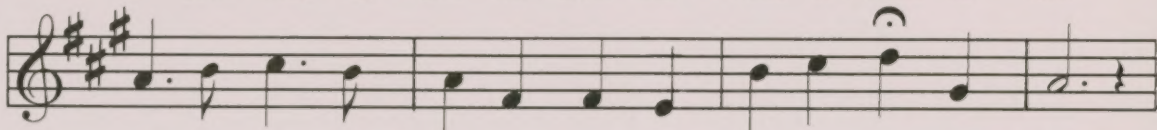
Tower- ing far a- bove her neigh- bors Shop and mart and hall,



Stands the home of stu- dent la- bors, No- blest of them all!



At each meet- ing, give her greet- ing, Raise the proud sa- lute!



Hail to thee, our Al- ma Ma- ter, Hail, Pratt In- sti- tute!

Round the world the chain extending
Each to other binds,
All her honored name defending,
Hearts and hands and minds.

At our meeting, give her greeting,
Raise the proud salute!
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,
Hail, Pratt Institute!

In our hearts her precepts linger,
Her example gleams,
Showing with unerring fingers
Guerdon of our dreams.

At our meeting, for our greeting,
Bring her noble fruit,
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,
Hail, Pratt Institute!



Library, c. 1889



The Library, 1971



Cafeteria, c. 1901



The PI Shop, 1975



The Gymnasium, c. 1907



The Gym, 1975

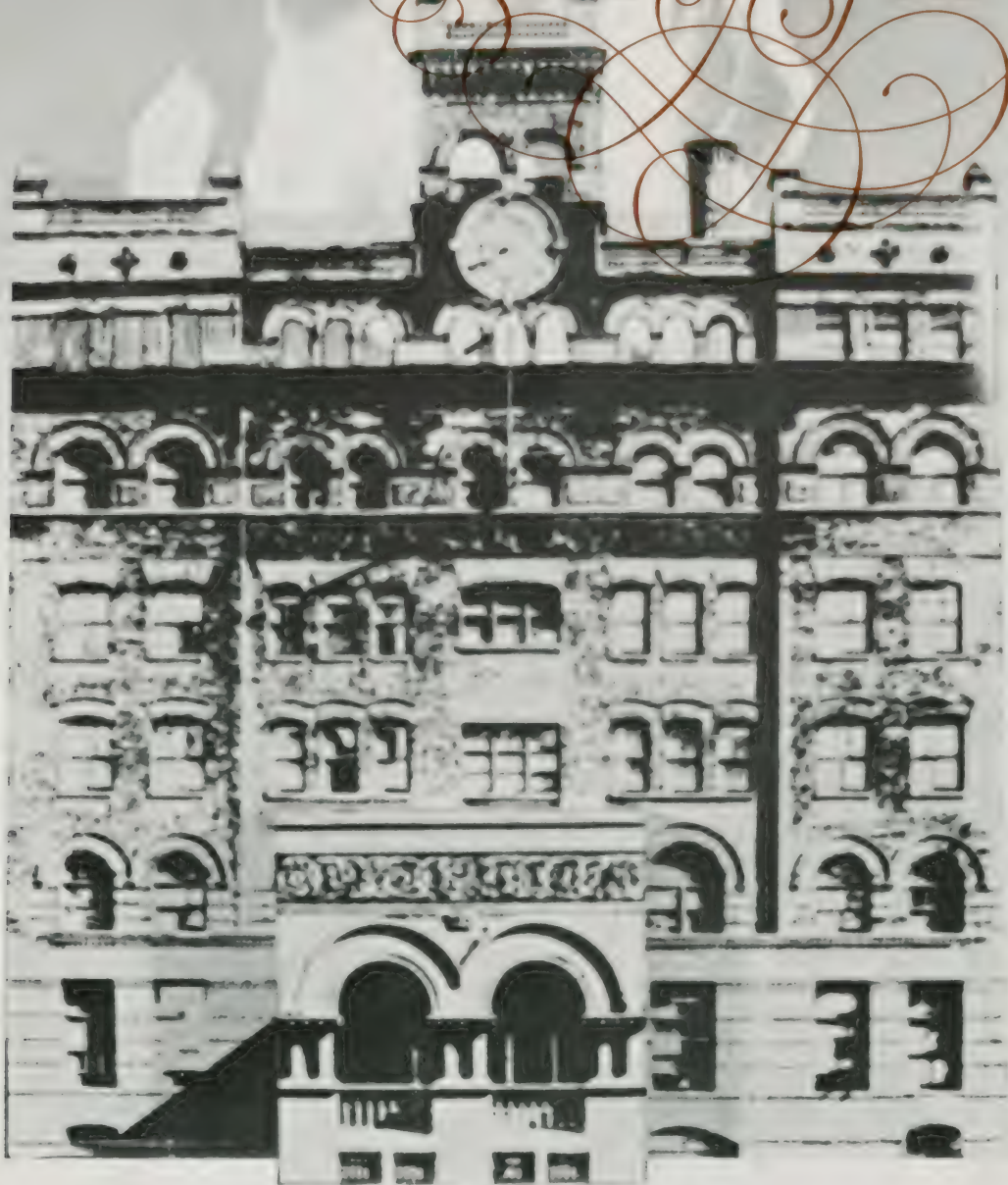


Main Building, c. 1887

The smell of smoke filled the air that afternoon, as the Main Building windows glowed from the fire within. It was approximately two o'clock when the second alarm fire was called into the station house on Carlton Avenue. The men of Engine 210 and Rescue Squad 2 were the first team on the scene. The building had been evacuated earlier by Andy Phelan and Bob Travers, as a heavy fire continued to rage in the classrooms of the sixth floor. During the five hours it took to fight the blaze, a total of seven engines, three ladders, one rescue vehicle and a squad car were on campus to assist in the struggle. Two firemen sustained injuries while fighting the blaze. The cause is still unknown, although arson is suspected. Damage to the building was considered medium, however, the tremendous amount of water used to extinguish the blaze caused irreparable damage to student's projects throughout the building. When time came to clean up the debris several people volunteered to help. Physical Plant personnel worked all day Sunday and came in at five a.m. Monday morning. The Chairman of the Board of Trustees was there sweeping the water off the floors, along with President Pratt, Don Mathis, and Albino Newton making ready for Monday's classes. All of which only goes to prove, it will take something more disastrous than a fire to stop the hands of the clock on Main Building.



*Saturday,
March Nineth,
Nineteen Hundred
Seventy-Four*



Everything they say about Philadelphia is true. The sidewalks are rolled up at 10 o'clock. The Schuylkill River is so slow that a man once swimming across gave up halfway and decided to walk. The typical businessman owns twelve ties — one for each month. And contrary to popular belief, God did not create the entire world. He subcontracted Philadelphia. This is my hometown, the City of Brotherly Shove.

But it is my home, my original home. And no matter how long I've been away, any mention of the name perks up my ears, and I think back to my childhood and the beginning of it all....

It was at the age of twelve that "going to town" meant travelling the rickety train from suburban Bryn Mawr for an uneventful twenty minute ride into the city, passing indistinguishable shingle rooftops and countless cars along the way. The sun always seemed to shine these days, but the intensity of light somehow managed to make the passengers appear more haggard than cheerful. The older women sat, with dainty white gloves and demurely crossed legs, talking about the show they would see, the storewide sale at Lit Brothers, and how they would eat again at Schrafft's, because the waitress had been so nice the last time, bringing them extra rolls and butter. Their conversations never changed. The only difference year after year was that their face powder became progressively shades lighter, and their once shiny black pumps had become dull, with worn soles and tarnished buckles.

Sitting on the worn leather seats, and peering out of the undecorative windows, the sunlight became a film of transparent whiteness, muting the natural and artificial colors of the world. The black tar streets became a dull grey and the Royal Blue and Emerald Green cars developed a tone of Art Nouveau paleness. Through this visionless fog I would gaily think of the oncoming adventures the dense glass and steel forest of downtown Philadelphia promised to lay ahead for me, confident in the fact that something would be going on.

During the remaining minutes of the ride, the train would travel along the river bed, across which stood the boathouses. These clappedboard structures stood majestically against the water; each house painted a different time-faded color, with matching docks protruding into the slow-moving current like empty fishnets, forever waiting for something to become caught and give a purpose to life. During these years, I never saw one person on the docks, in the windows, or even rocking on the porches. The buildings appeared to have been abandoned, through death or that unwillingness to care, and the small rowboats left bubbling on the water were a reminder that at one time there was a reason.

For all the mystery those ghost-like houses represented to me, it lasted only a few minutes as the creaking train would pull into the womb of the station's interior, like a tot returning home at the precise time for meals. Through the stale-smelling darkness I could see the oncoming events of the day: watching a currently popular movie at one of the ornate urban theatres, complete with popcorn and candy bars, shopping in the department stores, a must being Sam Goodies, and eating plenty of 10¢ pretzels with mustard. My mechanized jungle could always be counted upon to provide various activities for each visit. Life was satisfying then for a twelve year old boy.

No longer did the historic monuments located only blocks away withhold my interest. Ever constant class trips had assured me of their dullness and inactivity. The great men and events of our history had long since been deceased. Life was dead inside Independence Hall. Activity and emotions plagued the streets, through people, and stores, and trolley cars. My life was to exist in the present, not the past. I vowed to surround myself with what I thought to be exciting on those Saturday afternoons.

It took but a few short years for the sparkling bubbles of a child's immature mind to no longer reflect the laughter and smiles of his youth. In their place stood the reality of life; the bottle of bubble-producing solution and blower were still there, but the bubbles now had to be blown by oneself. Except the incentive no longer came from those three major streets of downtown Philadelphia, whose exciting atmosphere became routine, and therefore, depressing. Every floor of John Wanamaker's had been memorized, and not expected to change. The Horn & Hardart Automat were being torn down one by one. And the cost of records at Sam Goodies managed to stay somewhat higher than the allowance would allow.

At the age of eighteen, I found the chance to alleviate my disgust by going to college at Pratt. Although New York seemed none too pleasant with constant stories of crime and ruined lives, there remained something exciting about the wicked city which appealed to my sense of drama. It couldn't be all that bad, or else why would my hometowners constantly travel there for shopping, business, and entertainment? Somewhere in my mind I knew I would go and find out, rather than sacrifice myself to the unchanging routine of Philadelphian life, and the fear of aging like those boat houses, becoming obsolete in my own time with no will to do anything about it.

It is now my last year here at Pratt, and I have never been sorry for the chance I took. I have lived in Bedford-Stuyvesant, and survived. I have bitten the Big Apple for every experience available to me, and loved every minute of it. I have gone to school and learned how to bullshit my way through life, like everyone else. And I shall soon graduate, content with what I have learned, but never forgetting any experiences those four years have given me.

The first time I saw Brooklyn, I thought I would cry. Huh? What? What is it? Those dilapidated structures called apartments and stores could never be found where I grew up. And the dormitory, complete with roaches, non-existent furniture, and other confused roommates. Actually, the Pratt dorm should be bronzed as a monument to Self-Preservation. After living there, one knows that things couldn't get worse. But the idea of living in an apartment with no parents made up for all its misgivings. Life was never boring, with nightly parties, visiting friends all hours of the day, and the prospect of new frowned-upon habits, including grass smoking and sex.

Freshman year is the time for hang-ups to be realized and taken care of. Sex headed the list. Normal, unknowing freshmen would learn in time, and enjoy the process. Boys would find out for themselves, girls would be taken care of by their floor advisors. These "advisors" had it made. Their job was to help the girls with any "problems" they might have, any time of the day, but preferably at night when everything seemed more peaceful. I don't think I met one advisor who ever handed an assignment in on time. Gradually all innocent freshmen lost their innocence. Artists were supposed to be sensitive, and how else could they be without first-hand information on Life and Love? This became my first Lesson on Bullshitting: any excuse is okay for an enjoyable time.

Oh, but how these soon-to-be non-virtuous people made fools of themselves. Who could forget the hanging tongues of the boys in Life Study class, with wide eyes and catty remarks about the model's body? The girls managed a more uninterested look, ladies they thought they were. The only problem was that their drawings were hardly ever accurate, for they couldn't bring themselves to look upon the human body. Dirty, dirty, dirty. Strictly "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie." Gradually, all learned The Way of Life, and nightly Romeos would be seen strolling the halls to their waiting Juliets. Arrangements would be made for the not-so-legal transfer of roommates. Ties wrapped around doorknobs had a special meaning, and tampax appeared in the silverware drawers. Sex was here to stay. What student couldn't be happier?

Smoking grass and popping pills ran a close second to sex. Everyone was "doin' it, doin' it, doin' it," and "Boy, did I get stoned last night!" was heard throughout the day. Nightly parties were held and the acrid smell invaded the halls. Qualludes were the pill my freshman year, and their relaxation effect brought everyone's desires out into the open. Many orgies were held, if one only knew where, and the variety of people was astonishing. The "guests" would head for the dining room table, where there was always one bowl filled to the brim with these Rousing Rorers, and then they would proceed about the apartment, engaging in joint smoking, or not-so-discreet liaisons. I remember my first party, when I was careful to be only a viewer, and not a participator. I thanked God I had learned in those drawing classes to withhold any elements of surprise or shock that could prove to be embarrassing, for in walked a rather frumpy person from my Advertising class who proceeded to have an affair with our beautiful hostess and some of her friends. This became another Lesson of Life: expect the unexpected. Especially in New York, where there is a wider range of personalities. Anyone could be into any trip. The cheerleader did not necessarily go out with the football hero. More than likely she would be dating an ogre with money, or a hippie who was great in bed.

Sophomore and Junior year went by unnoticed. One minute I was eighteen and fresh off the farm, and the next moment I was a Senior with a definite outlook developed somehow after a multitude of classes and experiences. How it came about was too gradual to notice. But the realization that I shall have to start my career on what I have learned here can be very unnerving. Did I learn enough from Pratt to do so? Only time will tell. I still don't believe I comprehend Mrs. Buckley's Light and Color course. Tones and hues? What are they? I'll probably rely on my own judgement, the same way I did when doing her homework. And Art History? I don't remember a thing. What I did learn was the bullshit Pratt puts us through. How many teachers are really capable, and not just in need of the prestige or money that Pratt could supply? Most students were intelligent enough to realize this, and learned what they, themselves, felt to be educational. Homework assignments could be changed to accommodate the student's own desires. Teachers could be put off for deadlines, and failures passed if one only knew how to get around the professor. Lesson of Life #3: make as many influential friends as possible. There is always a way out if one knows how. Oh, how many times I have convinced my teachers that my work was a stroke of genius, and not something thrown together minutes before class? Or that a project completed for one course did not fit another's requirements just as well? Of course there were many assignments that really motivated me, and I could actually enjoy staying up all night to complete them. There is nothing new in my methods to pass courses; they have been a set of rules all students employ. But for the most part, all projects worthy of completion were done so. As for the others, we convince ourselves they never should have been assigned in the first place.

During those years of monumental decisions whether or not to do assignments, we enjoyed ourselves as often as possible. By this time the student had chosen friends with the same personality as his own. Each group had its own rules for studying, entertaining, and a way to live. My own group took on the quality of Fitzgerald's Jazz Age, with its own style of parties that could be enjoyed only by the ingénue. We have hopefully all become more mature now, and any similar party offered would seem childish with our lives today. It was the excitement of something new and wicked that appealed to our senses then. We know better now, but four years ago, an invitation to a Soiled Doves' Society party meant top status. The dress would be outrageous, if not gauche. The atmosphere wild, if not seedy. And personalities Upper East Side, if not tacky. But how we danced. And drank. And caroused. Clothes designed for evening would be raved over. Kisses were the norm. Mutual love filled the room like cigarette smoke. Our common bond was the desire to be outrageous and envied. And we managed it alright, at least among ourselves.

New York is a very hard place to tolerate. Most everyone is after money and glamour. The result is disastrous. You can never be sure who your friends are. People are willing to sell out their pals to better themselves; it is a rare quality to see someone remain faithful throughout years of friendship. There are only a few people I enjoy seeing constantly without the fear that they have changed. A few close friends, of course. But mostly those people one never really knows too well. Barbra, for instance. Barbra is the checkout girl at the A&P. She is never without a smile and "How are you?" Her laugh is bright and frequent, and after countless trips to the WEO Wonderland, I have developed a quiet rapport with her. A good friend? No. But this kind of person is always reliable for a good-natured salutation and kind word, and therefore, desirable. These people make the most routine tasks enjoyable. Another person of such status is Mr. Hadley, who had the most unfortunate task of running a dormitory, complete with extra hours of work and constantly complaining tenants. Yet,

throughout his employment, Mr. Hadley remained friendly and helped the best he could. Many times he would personally fix a broken door or leaky faucet. Danny, the maintenance man, was the same way. He could always be counted upon for extra lightbulbs and risqué remarks about the girls next door. You could ask him to fix something, and he would arrive promptly to do it. His manner, if not crass at times, was realistic enough to be trusted. His retelling of the day's troubles, mostly with four-letter words, was thoroughly enjoyable. He was a real person, no plastic facade like so many of Manhattan's inhabitants.

What the students did not learn inside the classrooms, they learned outside. Fine Art pupils went museum hopping. Theater Design students went to Broadway shows. Those in Advertising went to the Society of Illustrators. Pratt eased the way for each individual to realize what they wanted to become, and Manhattan provided the means to do so. What one learned was determined by how much and what he did.

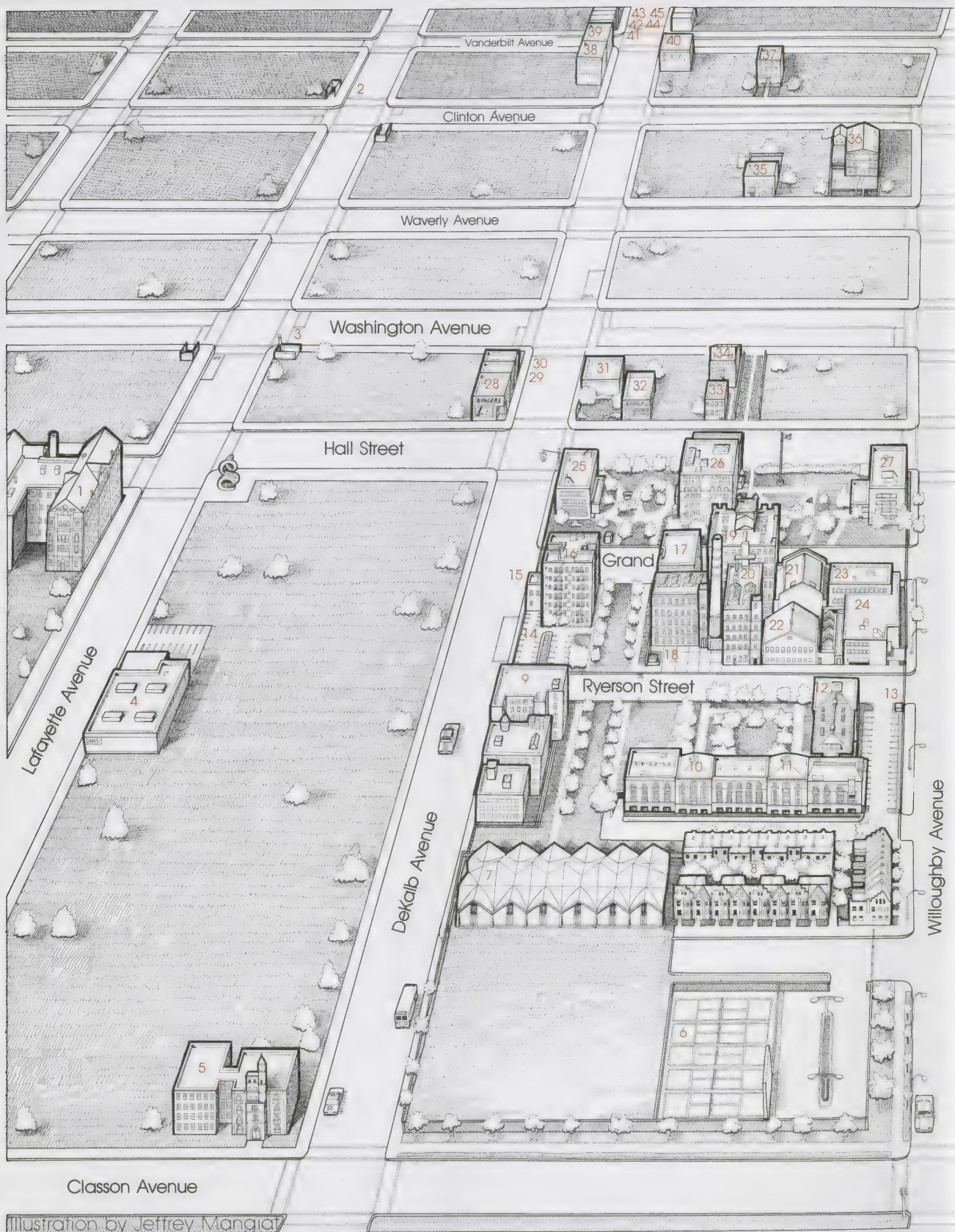
But in their own small way, the everyday experiences in the Pratt community could become lasting memories. I always enjoyed watching the Food Department brazing out the cold air to sculpt huge blocks of ice into animals, boats, and chess pieces, only to have them melt in the sun's unrelenting rays. Lunchtime in the P.I. Shop took on its own comical quality. As if invisible walls were built, each section of the large room had its special brand of patrons. The engineers would sit in their usual spot, ever-present briefcases at their sides. The Chinese remained by one exit, and the Blacks would occupy those tables closest to the kitchen with its terrible food. Previous Art and Design High School students sat by the windows, and the queens occupied the tables closest to the wall and other exit, for advantageous viewing of passing bodies. During classes, this establishment hardly stirred, but between the hours of 12 and 2, frantic activity took place. People would table hop in the hopes of finding out assignments of classes they had skipped. Plans would be made for the upcoming weekend, and gossip became standard conversation. The P.I. Shop was transformed into a circus, complete with pin ball machines and rock music blaring to the beat of flying bodies. Lunchtime was not the time to eat.

Pratt was never a place for school spirit. The sports teams were hardly known about, and their competitions never attended, except, perhaps, by the team itself. The closest the students came to becoming a complete group was at the various school dances. Many really enjoyed the occasion, some attended for the free beer offered. Some saw it as a cheap evening without the subway ride into Manhattan and back, and others went to laugh at the other three groups. Whatever the reasons, everyone was there. Between the music, no matter how bad, the pot and the beer, people would have a good time. They would forget their projects dissected about their room, and would devote the evening to the most important thing, themselves.

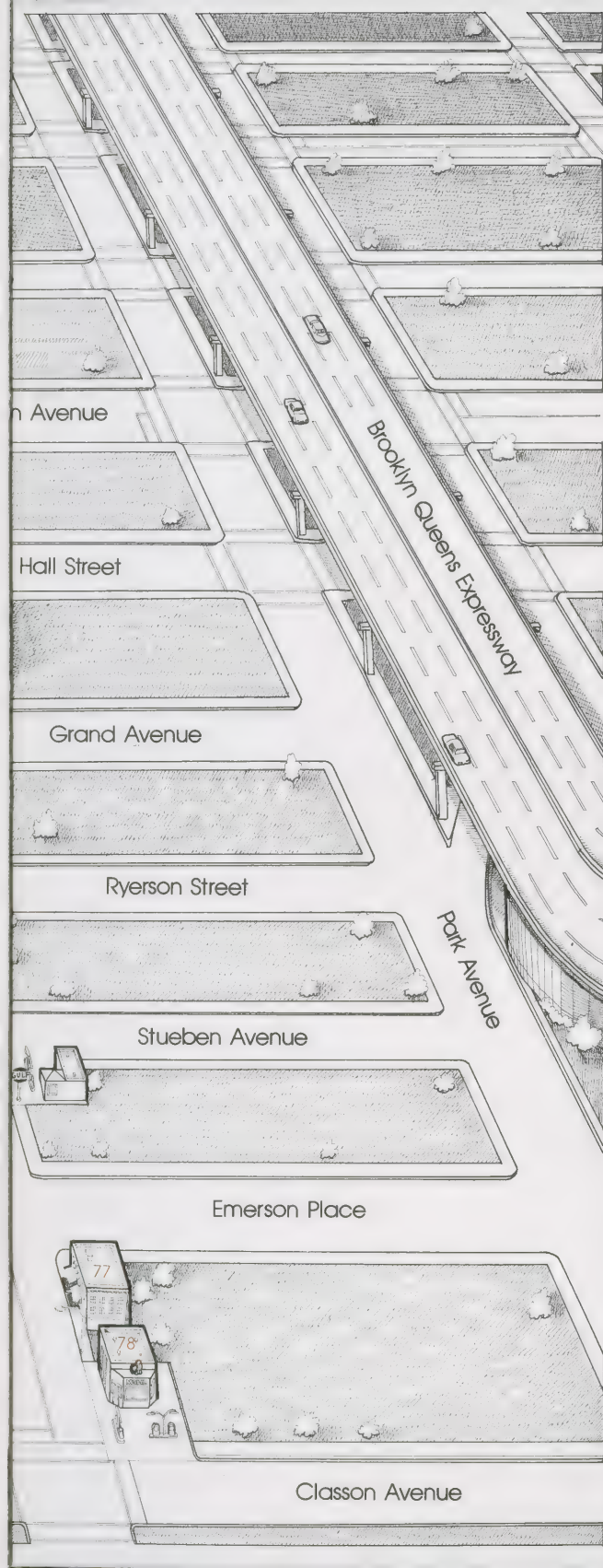
Looking back now, I sense that my classmates are leaving Pratt more or less the way they entered. What became our New Way of Life was but a means to sow our oats. It helped us grow mentally, although it was also the downfall of many inhabitants. Time became the differentiator. Most of those happy party-goers have calmed down to the point of reality. It is the less fortunate ones that are still living that style of life we once found desirable, like old women wearing knee socks. The more fortunate have retracted their basic personalities. The cheerful have remained that way. The serious still are. What has resulted from those carefree years is a better understanding of what we were, what we've learned, and how to use that knowledge to obtain the style of life we wish to hold on to and keep forever.

THE LAST JUDGEMENT by Randall Scott Ross





- 1 Higgins Hall
- 2 Clinton Avenue Subway Station
- 3 Washington Avenue Subway Station
- 4 Dan's Supreme Supermarket
- 5 88th Police Precinct
- 6 Tennis Courts
- 7 The New Gym
- 8 Faculty Housing
- 9 Pratt Studios
- 10 Engineering Building
- 11 Machinery Building
- 12 Chemistry Building
- 13 Guard Booth
- 14 Faculty Parking
- 15 Thrift Hall
- 16 Ryerson Dorm
- 17 South Hall
- 18 East Building
- 19 Main Building
- 20 East Hall
- 21 Memorial Hall
- 22 Gym
- 23 North Hall
- 24 P. I. Shop
- 25 DeKalb Hall
- 26 Library
- 27 Information Science Center
- 28 Mike's Burger House
- 29 Brooklyn Country Health Food
- 30 Pratt Groceria
- 31 S. Steinhauer & Sons
- 32 Charlie's Art Supplies
- 33 Ad Lib Press
- 34 Humanities Building
- 35 Joe's Place Restaurant
- 36 The Pratt House
- 37 The Frat House
- 38 Sterlings Grocery
- 39 Cellars Bar & Restaurant
- 40 Piro's Funeral Home
- 41 Alibi Club
- 42 2 Steps Down Restaurant
- 43 Ely's Supermarket
- 44 Erick's Bar & Grill
- 45 Cino's Restaurant

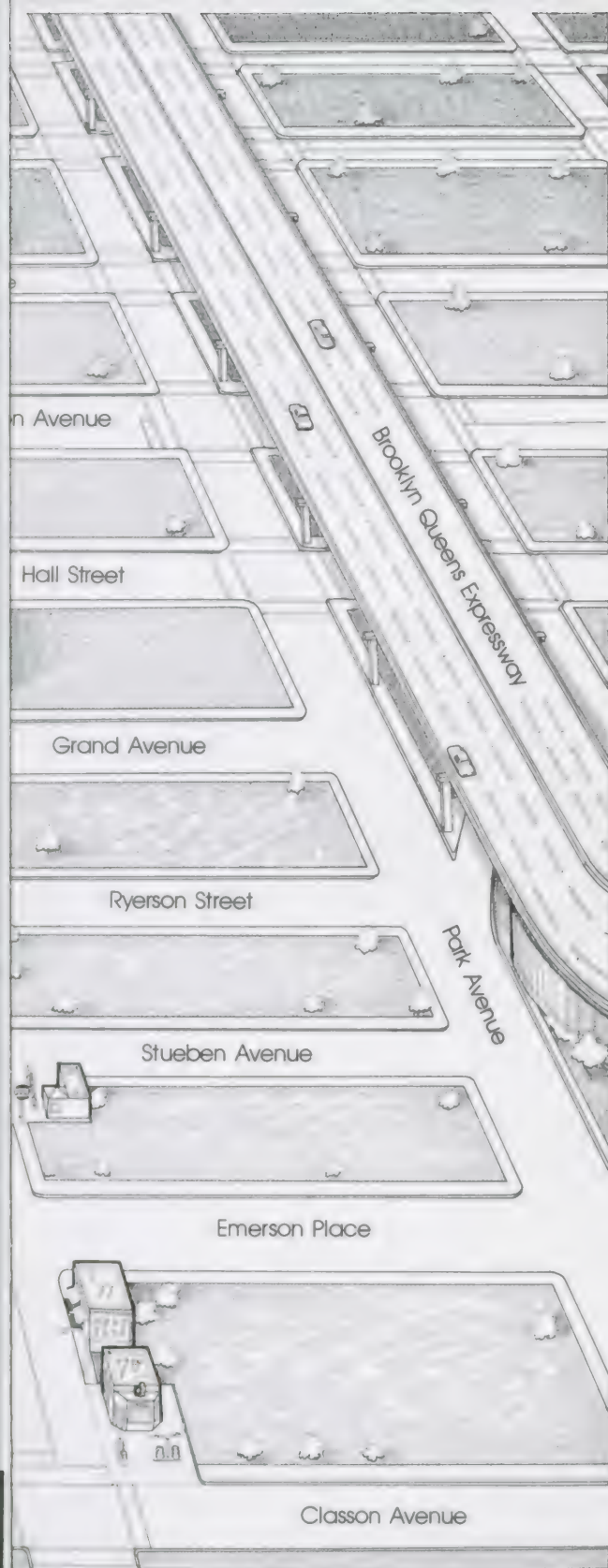


This is a detailed black and white illustration of a city block in Manhattan, showing streets, buildings, and landmarks. The streets shown are Lafayette Avenue, Washington Avenue, Hall Street, Dekalb Avenue, and Classon Avenue. The illustration includes numbered markers (1-5) and is credited to Jeffrey Mancia.

The Naked Truth At Pratt

Illustration by Jeffrey Mangiat

TE GALLERY





In late September of 1974, a decision by Jerry Pratt caused several heads to turn. After viewing photos of a student whose work was to be included in a main gallery show, the President "requested" that several be removed from the collection because of their "content." The content: Frontal Nudity.

The truth was the President did not feel that *certain* works (in this case photographs) depicting frontal nudity were appropriate for exhibit in what was termed The Institute's "Public

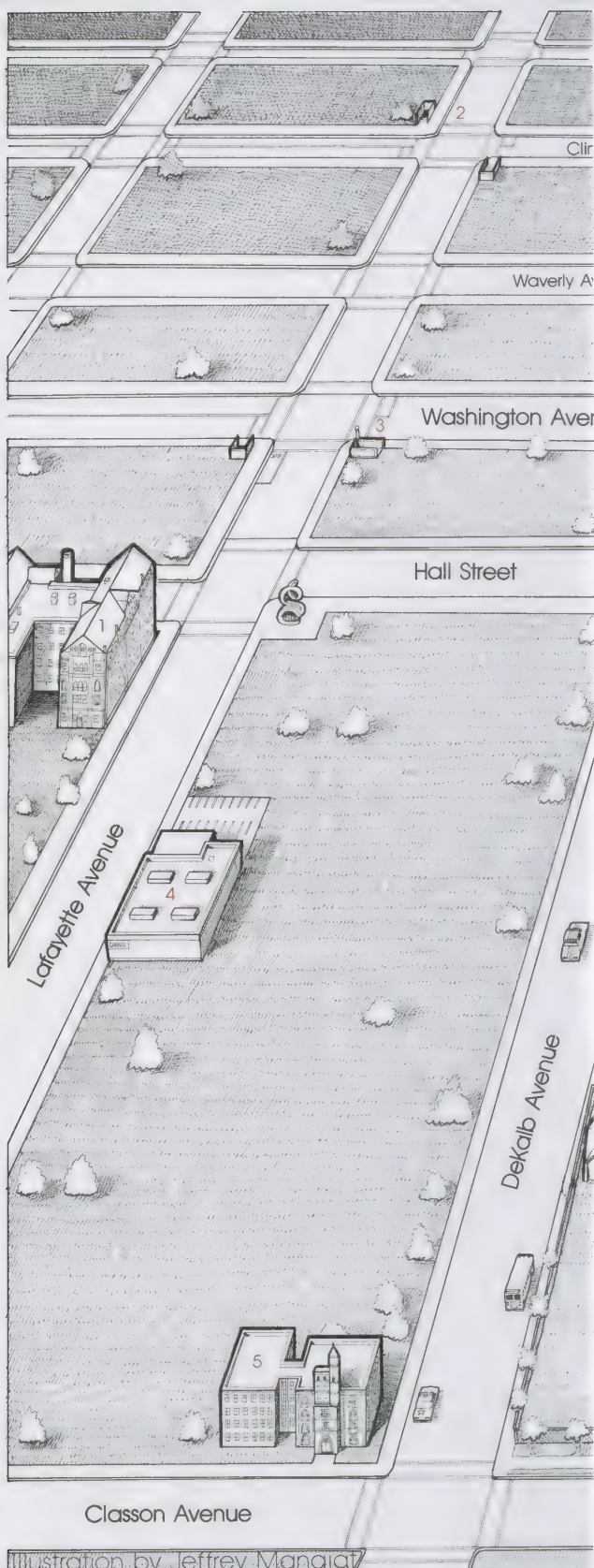
Galleries." In fact, frontal nudity had been exhibited several times (in sculpture form) in the main gallery. However, his decision was interpreted as "cutting off artistic freedom" and made its way into several newspapers including *The Daily News* and *The New York Times*.

Increasing pressure from students and faculty prompted President Pratt to form a committee to review future gallery shows and judge what was to be exhibited. The committee

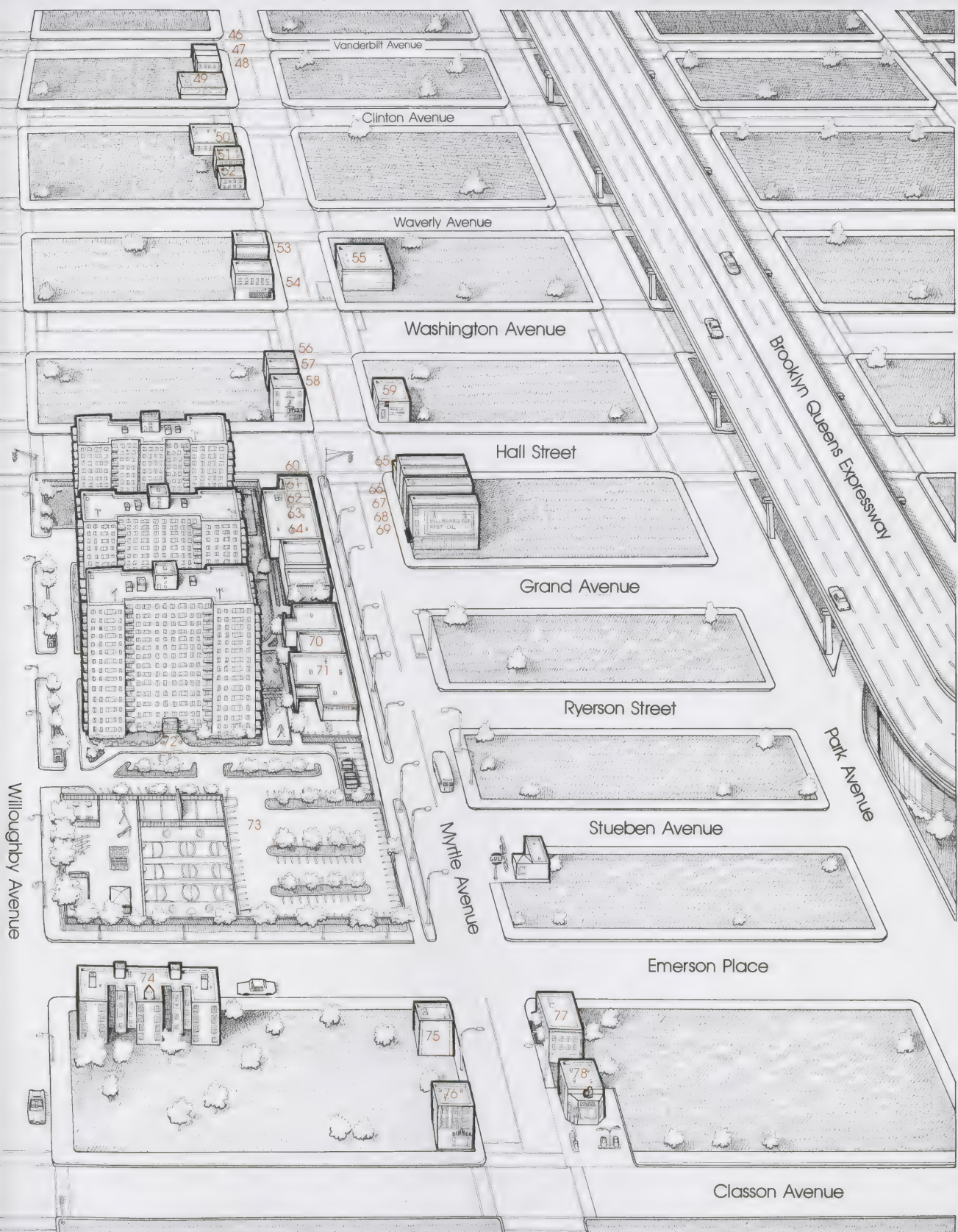


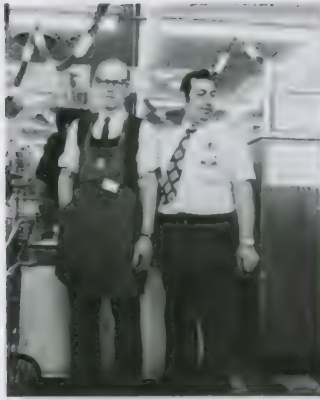
members chosen were knowledgeable in the arts and included various institute personnel. The only criticism was that students were not represented on the panel. However, there was no organized student objection to that policy. Just to make sure, the faculty union filed a grievance with the administration in order to receive an "official" statement "insuring academic freedom," which it did get in January 1975.

The final outcome is puzzling. The "noble" faculty challenged the "tyrannical" administration and won. The students have academic freedom. But the situation is basically unchanged. Work can *still* be banned from a gallery. The only difference is that the decision is now made by a "democratic" committee instead of the President. Funny, it's so easy to blame an individual, and so hard to criticize a committee.

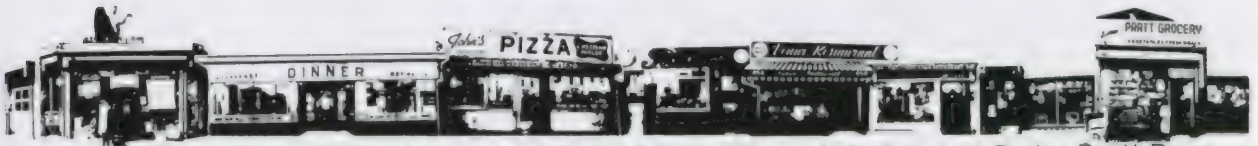


- 46 Spiro's Luncheonette
- 47 Clinton Hill Florist
- 48 Nina's Bakery
- 49 Prudential Savings Bank
- 50 First National City Bank
- 51 Clinton Hill Delicatessen
- 52 Power Pharmacy
- 53 Venice Restaurant
- 54 J.M. Wines & Liquors
- 55 Adami Hardware
- 56 P & J Meat Market
- 57 Dusty Cobwebb Shop
- 58 John's Pizza
- 59 John's Luncheonette & Donut Shop
- 60 Brady Key's All-Pro Fried Chicken
- 61 John's Ice Cream Store
- 62 Pratt Drug
- 63 Dutch Dairy
- 64 A & P
- 65 Jade Inn Restaurant
- 66 Tony's Restaurant
- 67 Steve's Fish Market
- 68 Dottie's Bar & Grill
- 69 Red Awning Bar & Restaurant
- 70 S.M.S. 5¢ and 10¢ Store
- 71 U.S. Post Office
- 72 The Dorm
- 73 Student Parking Lot
- 74 Emerson Hall
- 75 Pinta Di Blu
- 76 Renken's Diner
- 77 Hollywood Fruit & Vegetable Mkt.
- 78 Mobil Gas Station

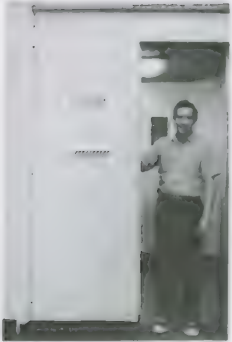




Myrtle Ave.



Renken's Diner Pinta Di Blu Hollywood Fruit Mkt. 10¢ Store A & P Dutch Dairy Pratt Drug
 John's Ice Cream Pro Burger Dottie's Steve's Fish Mkt. Jade Inn Tony's John's Donut Shop
 John's Pizza Mike's Cobwebb Shop P&J Meat Market J.M. Liquors Adami Hardware
 Power Pharmacy Clinton Hill Deli First National Nina's Bakery Clinton Florist Spiro's Lunch
 eonette Ely's Supermarket Cino's Erick's Bar & Grill Cellars Sterlings Grocery Brooklyn
 Country Mike's Burger House Jake's Charlie's Dan's Supreme 88th Police Precinct





*In memory of, and profound gratitude to, the men and women
in the Pratt community, who have so gallantly served the
graduating class of 1975.*

*The Graduating Class
of Pratt Institute
is cordially invited to dine upon
the enlightening fruits of liberal studies
until Friday, June 6, 1975
The Humanities Building
275 Washington Avenue*



Juana Alegre
 Daniel Aspis
 Sigmund Beale
 Reginald Berry
 Harrison Lee Bounds
 Raymond Burns
 Joseph Gobitz
 Marilyn Gaffey
 Earl Graycraft
 Lenore Drumheller
 Kathy Gurley
 Maria Theres Eichhard
 Ethel Frangold
 Rolf Gylden
 Daniel Grogan
 Marva Gordon
 Estelle Horowitz
 Lee Lombard
 Frank Metwalf
 Linda Metwalf
 Jack Minkoff
 Richard Mulliken
 George O'Grady
 Rosemary Holmes
 Richard Perry
 Douglas Robbins
 Philip Roddman
 Carol Rosenthal
 George Schmidt
 Linda Tchor
 Clara Thapfel
 Terry Vogel
 Helen Simon
 Weston Joseph Neane
 Joseph Wagenseller
 Kenneth Wallace
 Jules Wern
 Jean Wertheim
 Ed Westreich

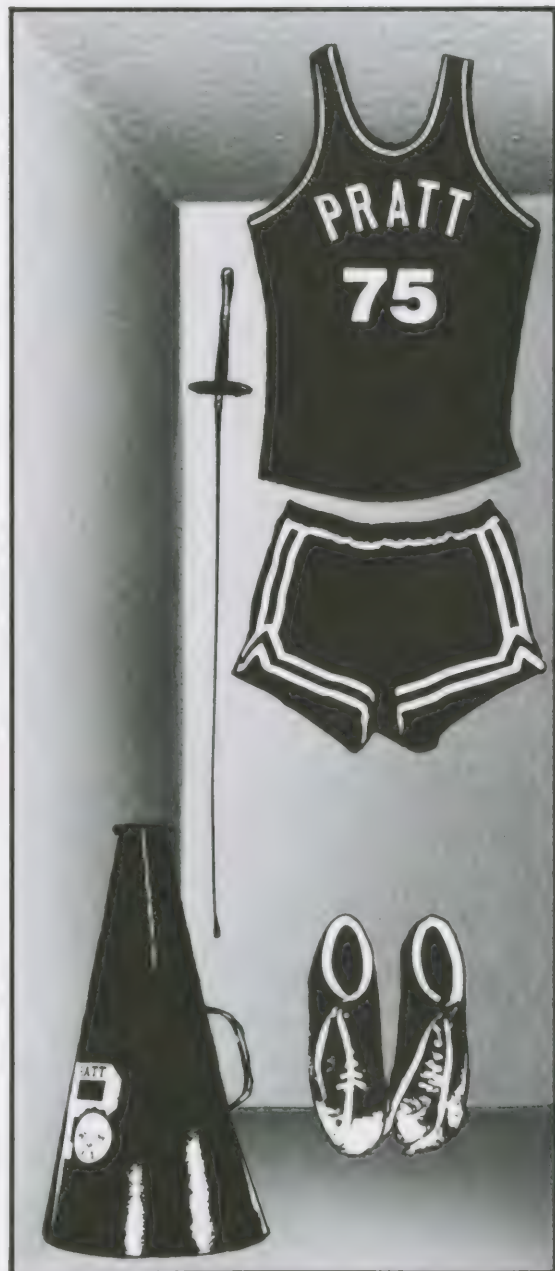
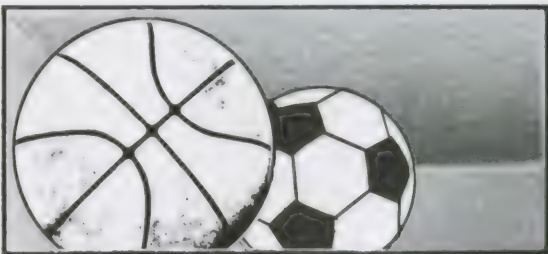


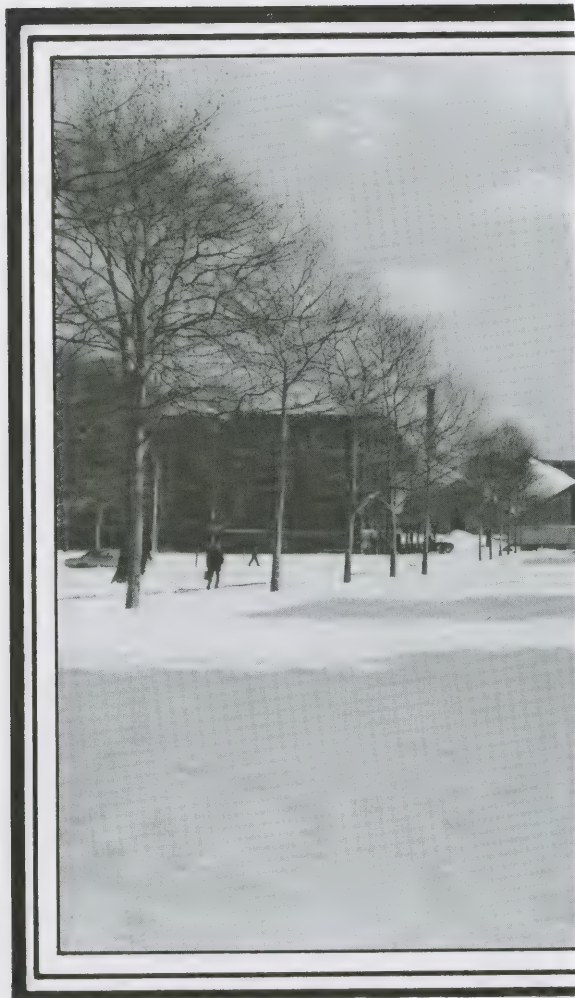
The New Gym





The New Gym





The New Gym

When looking back over the past four years at Pratt, the most significant period may be one that many of us don't even recall. The "Last Great Student Strike" of 1972 was a turning point for the institute and the students as well. It ended the era of student activism, administrative secrecy, and organized protest; it began the era of the invisible student body, a more open administration, and a thing called "Apathy."

Fifteen hundred students and one hundred faculty were part of the protest that May afternoon. We were all dissatisfied with the administration of President Henry Saltzman. Saltzman made his appearance and announced, I will leave Pratt when the Board of Trustees ask me or when I feel I can no longer do my job. It was obvious our opinions didn't matter. Henry Saltzman then preceded to compare Pratt to a supermarket. The administration was the management, the faculty were employees, and the students were his customers. If they didn't like the service, the students, could take their business somewhere else. We were offended.

Momentum picked up in the afternoon as the crowd grew angrier. The Department of Industrial Engineering had been threatened with extinction. The architects were dissatisfied with their dean. And talk of withholding tuition checks began. The Black Student Union had taken over the Dean of Students office two days earlier. The stage was set. Everything began to break loose sometime around two-o'clock. Some of us took over DeKalb Hall and another group took the switchboard. The Black Student Union took over all of what was then the Student Center (now the Information Science Building). By late afternoon, the South Hall kitchens had fallen under student domain.

The entire campus community had become involved. Faculty and Student Body united. Food and donations came pouring into South Hall. Collections were taken in the dormitory and more volunteers came to help us man the buildings and cook in South Hall.

The matter of negotiations was a daily concern. First, the accusations flew back and forth. Then the tables were set up for the students, faculty, administration and Board of Trustees to begin arbitration. The news media was there to cover the story. Even the Daily News gave a fair presentation of both sides. The negotiations were hard and unpleasant; as both parties had several grievances to be ironed out. Ultimately, we found Henry Saltzman unacceptable as president.

We held the campus buildings for ten days and left upon reaching an agreement with the Board of Trustees. Board member Richardson Pratt came to DeKalb Hall and signed a document stating that no disciplinary action would be taken against students involved in the strike. Almost a hundred of us left DeKalb Hall that day with a feeling of hope. President Saltzman did not attend graduation.

In the end, President Saltzman, Vice Presidents Seymour Gang and Donald Mathis resigned, and most students left Pratt with "passing" grades, not knowing whether the Institute would still be here in the fall.

As a result of the strike the following things came to pass: Students began to shy away from activism and the incredible amounts of energy it required to get anything accomplished. The next president was much more open to suggestion and criticism than his predecessor. Students and faculty received positions on all Board of Trustees Committees and on the full board. The Faculty Union became a strong bargaining force. The Architecture School finally got itself together and began to improve. Student participation was solicited for many important committees and decision-making bodies. And last, but not least, Student Government lost its credibility as a way of dealing with significant student problems.



The *Residence Handbook* says, "One of the unavoidable drawbacks of living in highly-populated areas such as New York is those little insects that crawl all over everything." That's really cute. And, being cute, it's obviously not a description of the cockroach. As for being little, John Wayne in cowboy boots doesn't look as tall as a good sized cockroach perched on the bristles of your toothbrush.

I don't really know how one would prepare the uninitiated for exposure to Pratt's roach population. Roaches are a way of life here. Roach killing hints are passed around like recipes for apple pie. And the passion! No one is more passionate about killing roaches than those of us who've lived with them. And I do mean lived with them. Roaches seem to think, the more intimate the association with you, the better. You've heard they hide out in dark undisturbed areas? Well, if you don't open your dresser draw every couple of hours, it qualifies as a dark undisturbed area. What can I say? They like to sleep with you, (finding a squashed roach in your bed somehow doesn't bring on the thrill of victory). They love to entertain your guests. In fact, they're great for turning up in unprecedented numbers and in novel ways, like dropping from the ceiling to the dead center of your guest's dinner plate.

When it comes to the methods of eradicating these beasts they're strictly good for laughs and the roaches are doing all the laughing. Roaches have been around millions of years longer than man. With that kind of experience it really isn't so surprising that even the most modern scientific efforts have failed to come up with something that is really effective in exterminating this pest. The *Residence Handbook* says "Use two or three different poisons on a rotational basis." Because, they say, the roach develops a tolerance to most brands if used frequently enough. And anyway, like all of us they appreciate a change of diet. The handbook also suggests using boric acid or roach powder, as roaches, being extremely clean insects, lick themselves habitually. The theory behind this being, they'll lick off the deadly powder and expire. All I can say is when I moved into my apartment, which had been vacant all summer, there were mounds of boric acid powder all over the place, and not only were the roaches still living there, but they were enthusiastic enough to dive wholeheartedly into my newly stocked refrigerator. That's right, refrigerator. Among their many talents is the ability to compress their bodies through almost paper thin crevices.

I know this all makes it sound pretty hopeless, like Farmer Grey and his endless hordes of mice. But there is hope. Not for complete victory, you understand, just more or less peaceful co-existence. It calls for several varieties of insecticides; powders, sprays, liquids and that wonderful paste you spread on raw potato halves and leave for roachdom's more foolish members. It also means, at least in the kitchen, maintaining a standard of cleanliness that our mothers would find not only admirable, but stunning. If all this sounds like a lot of hard work, you can always take the opposite tactic and learn to love your enemy.

One must understand, however, that the most necessary ingredient of any anti-roach campaign is a sense of humor, a will of iron, and when all else fails, your faithful shoe.

Maxine Jones



THINK that I shall never see,
A place at Pratt that's dog-do free.

A place where I may tread with haste,
Without the fear of poodle waste.

Some grass where lounging hours are spent
Without the smell of excrement.

A place where I'm not ill at ease
By what's been left by Pekingese.

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Without that tell-tale yellow stain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
Reminding you: "Step carefully!"



thanks,

dave epstein for your enthusiasm and guidance.
david gates for your montage and administrative pull.
ray semintini, our man at s.d. scott.
bart for the white staples.
mrs. noskowitz and your library archives.
ralph, irving and dennis for your freebies.
jerry pratt's secretary for your broom and cleaning supplies.
ruth goddard for keeping us away from #2.
bookstore for your free seals.
vicki muller for access to your mimeograph machine.
the glick chick clique for your plastic smiles of encouragement.
alice grey and the research department, museum of natural history, n.y.c.
art tommassetti for the interior decorating supplies.
bruce in c.a.v. for your keys to memorial hall.
una tuna for telling us he was never in.
oran mills for your aerial photos.
marc platt for your hat.
lizard eyes for nothing.
yuda drattler for your hard hat.
john lynch for your styling skills.
marty golden for your i.d. assistance.
snaggle tooth or razor teeth (take your pick); we loved your "bump" with the letter addresser.
mark packo for the main building.
moony & sickie.
charles goslin for your "goslinesque" influence.
white glue man for always coming in the wrong door.
dr. zing for your foil, mask and m&m's.
gym coach for your bull-horn.
pratt operator for your telephone books.
people not pictured: you saved us money.
debbie alt for your chocolate fondue.
craig barndt for your great coffee but cheap a&p cookies.
security for opening our doors so promptly?
nannette for helping us contact students in the art school.
professor judge for your encouragement in the s.p.s. office.
pratt for the cold draft that blew through our office on weekends.
ray barber for your vandalism.
francis at tony's for your cloth napkins, even though we ordered sandwiches.
loretta rotuno and angela for your letter.
peck for the demo on binders-in-position.
marion lillard for being fashion's crusader.
half-framed brain.
maxine for your thousand and one words.
ray gordon for the rejected t-squares from the prattler office.
peter aldrich for putting up with us. you're a good guy.
tamara for your beat beaver and your feet that walked many hours for this book.
lizard eyes for giving us a bathroom where feeney could water his horse.
all-pro fried chicken for the gas attacks.
the hideaway go-go girls for your spiritual inspirations.
feeney's dented olds for the midnight trip to putnam valley and juniors.
juniors for your cheesecake, banana royals, and marshmallow sundaes.
george in the dorm photo lab for helping out our photo staff.
boonchoy for your boxer.
engine squad #210 n.y.c. fire department for the saturday afternoon lunch.
alan newman for your copy — camera and photo collection.
carl. ray and jay for giving us the job in the first place.
thomas russell for your confidence in us. we appreciate it.



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YEARBOOK 1975
PRATT INSTITUTE
BROOKLYN, N. Y. 11205

May 12, 1975

To the Student Body of Pratt Institute:

Once again, another year is about to end at Pratt. As is the custom, this publication has attempted to reflect upon the time we've spent on campus, here in our little corner of Brooklyn. Throughout the pages of this yearbook one will find many images and hundreds of words depicting the people and places which have filled our time. Whether amid the noisy clamor in the PI Shop, the cluttered disarray of the Higgins Hall Theatre, or the quiet solitude of an empty engineering classroom, this yearbook has tried to find those places that have become meaningful to many Pratt students.

In addition, within these pages can be found the faces and names of many senior classmates and friends. Remember them—for those faces and those friendships are the real treasures you take from Pratt.

So here is your yearbook, Pratt Institute. Endless hours, photographs, dollars and tears have been poured into this project.

It hasn't been an easy task. For four thousand students, there are four thousand Pratt Institutes. But, if in a year, five years or even fifty years from now, somewhere an old "Prattie" lifts this book, dusts off the cover, looks through these pages, and after placing it back onto the bookshelf, says, "Yes, that was Pratt Institute," then this yearbook will surely have been a success.

Sincerely,

Neil T. Davis
Jane Brown
Bill Feeney

Editors, Yearbook 1975

The Yearbook would like to thank the following individuals for their help at the last moments before going to press:

ADDITIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY

Alan Rand and John O'Donnell

PRODUCTION ASSISTANCE BY

Jeffrey Mangiat, Irwin Shaftel, Paul Goldfarb, Joe Borges,

And the cordial staff of S.D. Scott Printing Company

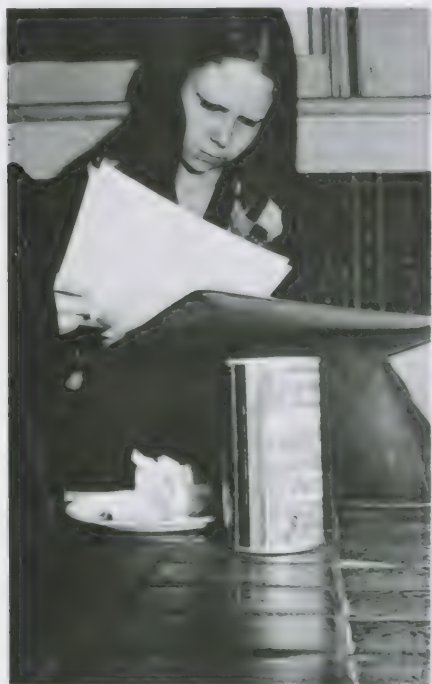
architecture

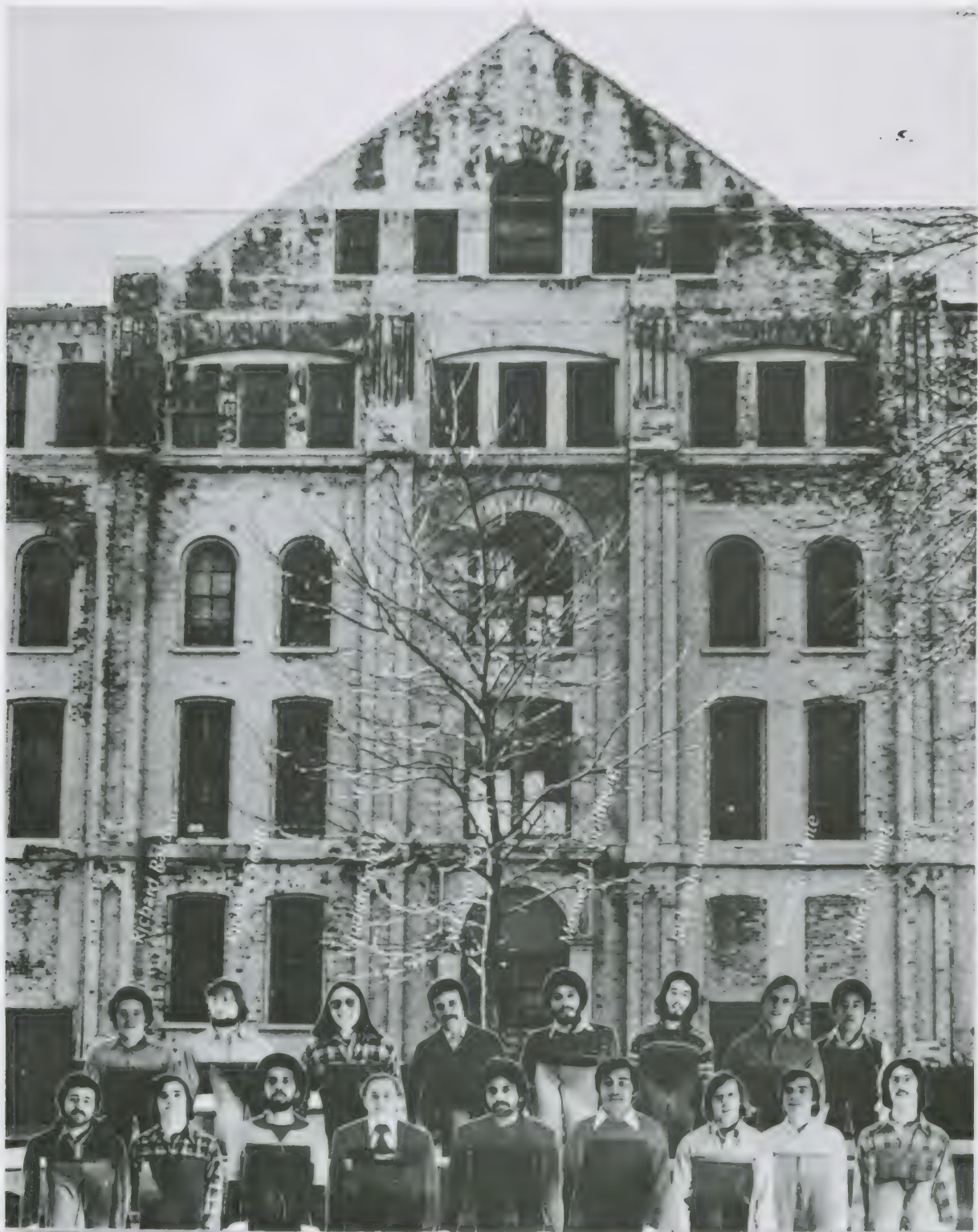
involves a tremendous amount of competition and an extremely heavy workload. As in every field of design, it has seen the birth and decline of many styles.

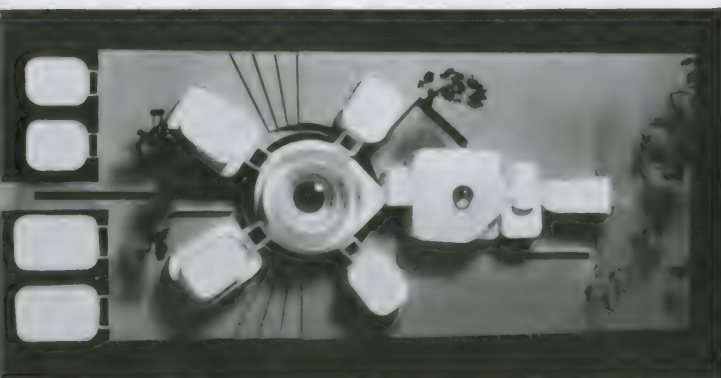
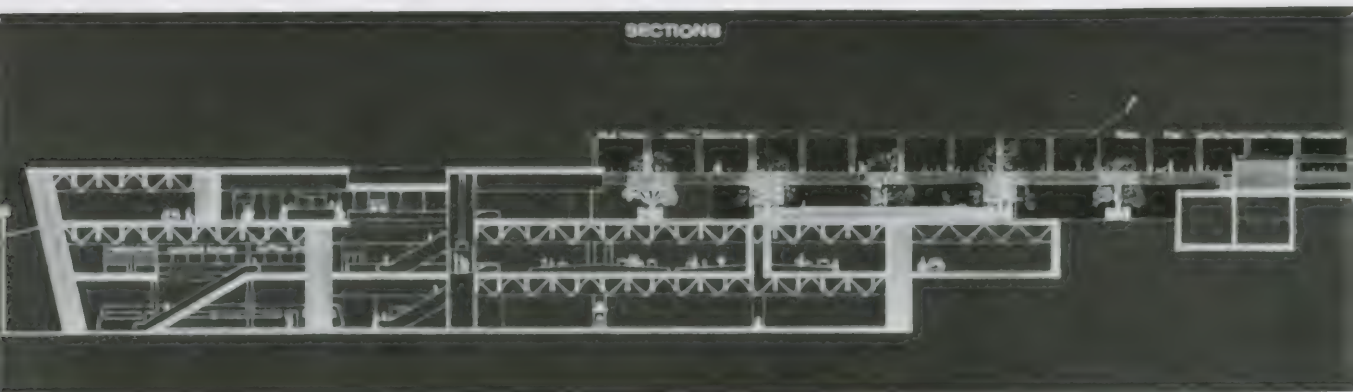
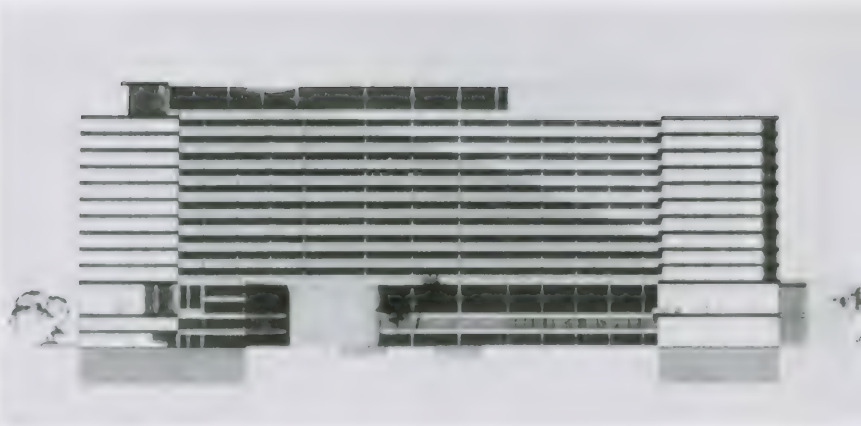
Architects, because they deal primarily with the human element of design, must concern themselves with the prolonged effect of their work. This is one of the reasons for such widespread interest in energy consumption and the economy, and one of the reasons why student involvement in the Pratt Institute Community Center for Environmental Development is so important. Solving community architectural and planning problems is just a sample of the architect's relationship between his designs, and the space in which he lives.













Louis Kuan

John Liguori

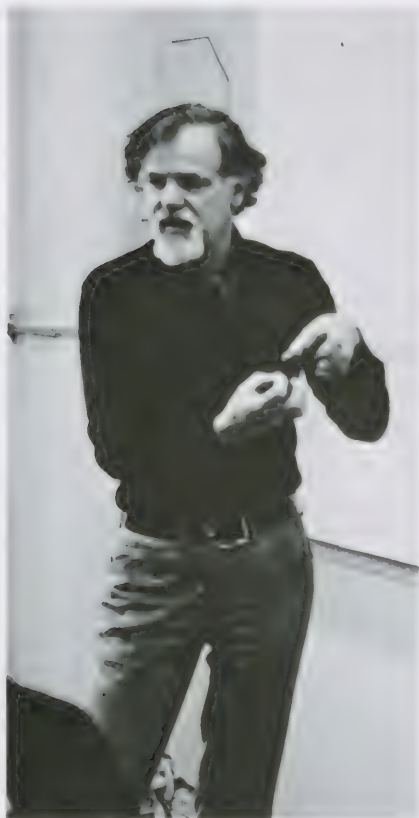
Charles H. H. H.

Ed. H. H. H.

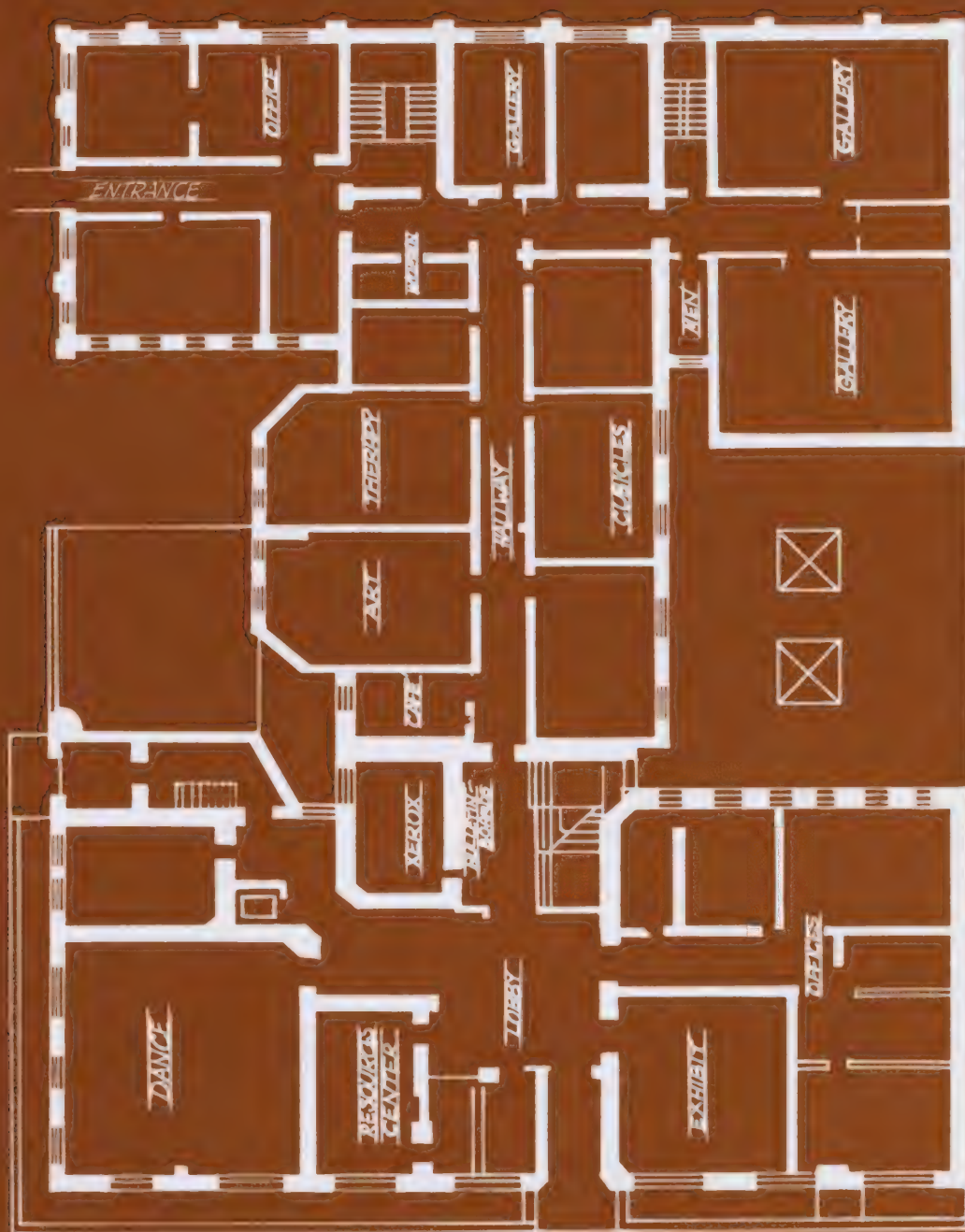
Vette H. H.

John Cohen

Wayne S. Garrick

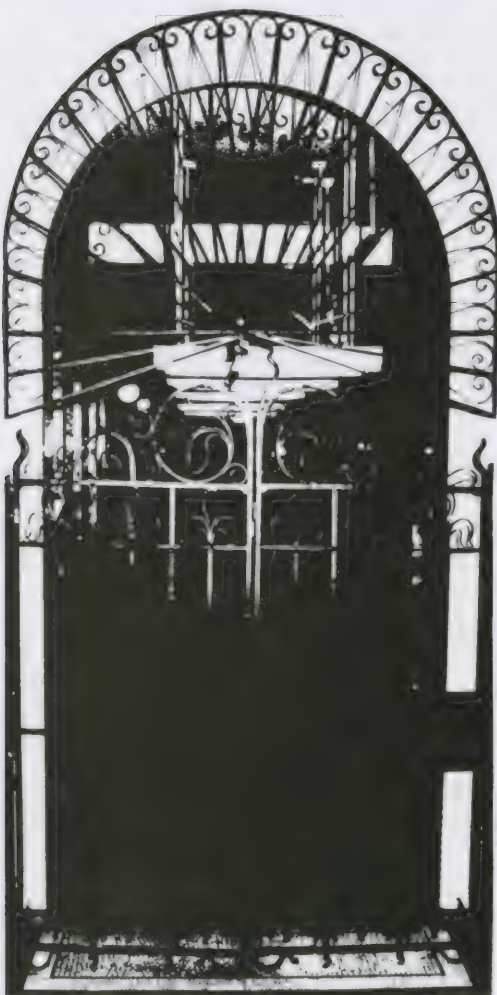






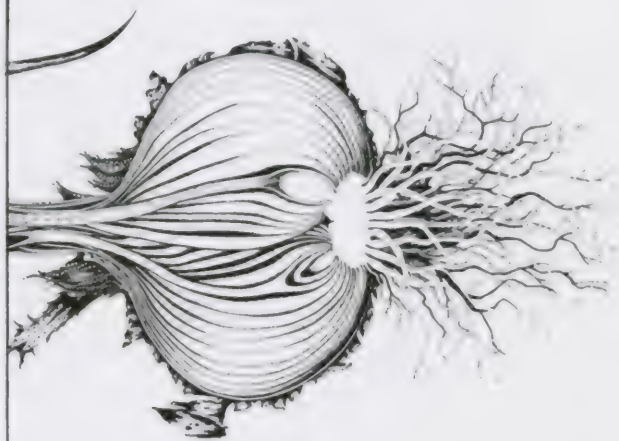
HIGGINS HALL
PRATT INSTITUTE
FIRST FLOOR





ARC JOURNAL

VOLUME ONE NUMBER ONE SPRING 1974



arch. activities

Reviewing some of the architecture students' activities, it appears that they are one of the least apathetic groups on campus. Whether it's for themselves or the community, if there's a need to be filled, they do it. For example, after hearing complaints from Higgins Hall students, unhappy about hiking to the PI Shop for high-priced, and less than appetizing food, a few architecture students started a food service of their own in Higgins Hall. From last report, the food is good and so are the prices.

In matters directly concerning their major, you will also find this same kind of "get-up-and-do-it" spirit. Due to student pressure, the Architecture Resource Center, a library and information service, was established in Higgins Hall about a year ago.

Another example of their concern for answering the needs of the real world are the architecture students who work with the Pratt Center for Community and Environmental Development (PICCED). The students provide the skills for community groups who need the professional services of an architect, but can't afford them. This has meant help for a community threatened with displacement by a factory's expansion, architectural planning for daycare centers, and solutions to renovating the city's old law tenements.

One can't possibly list all the activities of the Architectural School, but these say enough about what's going on in Higgins Hall, and it's all good.











Miss Scott

Richard Frodo

Miss M. M. M.



Raymond Abraham
 Pares Aponte
 William Bedford
 George Beggs
 Richard Behr
 John Bloch
 Rudy Bryant
 Barbara Carr
 Ching-Yu Chang
 Glean Chase
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 Mimi Lobell
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 Jonathan Morse
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 Richard Penton
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 Brent Porter
 Peter Primak
 Stanley Salzman
 Sidney Shelov
 Ronald Shiffman
 Arthur Spaet
 Walter Steinharter
 Michael Trencher
 Sam Unger
 Christopher Wadsworth
 Maurice Wasserman
 Lawrence Wodehouse
 Stanley Wysocki
 Hanford Yang

Not Pictured:

Bramman Avery
Paula Beall
Jimmie Bly
Guy Bocchino
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Thomas Campiglia
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Helen Chan
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Paul Sutton
Robert Wilkoff
Mohammed Yezoullar







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Herbert Beerman
Alfred Blaustein
Mary Buckley
Ray Ciarrochi
Bruce Colvin
W. J. Douglas Duncalfe
Frederick Endrich
William Fasolino
Katheryn Filla
Lawrence Flax
Marion Greenstone
Richard Hall
Phoebe Helman
Janden Hogan
William Hochhausen
Ted Kurahara
Edward Lazansky
Donald Mac Kinnon
Joseph Phillips
Christopher Sanderson
William Saylor
Phillip Schmidt
John Shaheen
Barry Vance
Pamela Waters
Richard J. Welch

Sculpture/Ceramics

Richard Budelis
Anne Carlson
Arthur Hoheb
Licio Isolani
Michael Malpass
Dakin Morehouse
John Pai
Leon Polansky
Ina Reznicek
Axel Sand
Byron Temple
Gary Zeller

Graphic Arts

Kenneth Deardorf
Gerald Lynas
Jill Richards
Bert Waggott

Printmaking

Robert Blackburn
Mohd. Omer Khalil
Louis Lo Monaco
William Lovell
Donna Moran
Michael Ponce DeLeon
Clare Romano
Jefferey Stone
Vasilios Toulis

Painting/Drawing

Rudolph Baranik
Ernest Benkert
Alfred Blaustein
Richard Bove
Ernest Briggs
Howard Buchwald
Franklin Faust
Alan Fenton
James Grashow
Gerald Herdman
Manuel Hughes
Ted Kurahara
Salvatore Montano
James Monte
Toshio Odate
Richard Pugliese
Tomaso Puliafito
Anthony Saris
Charles Schucker
James Silva
Jack Sonnenberg
Joseph Strapleton
Malvin Warshaw

Art History

Lawrence Campbell
Joel Goldblatt
Denise Green
Roger J. Guilfoyle
John Pile
Alvin Ross
Philip Schmidt
Suzanne Torre
Loretta Vinciarelli
Stephen Zwirn

Art Education

Judith Bernstein
Barbara Erlichman
Gillian Jagger
Mark Lewis
Dorothy McGahee
E. Morgano
Andrew Phelan
Ronald Piotrowski
Judith Reiss
Nancy Ross
Ivan Rubin
William Russel
Sheila Travaglia



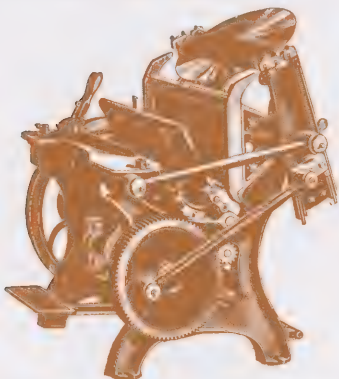
Cover painting by James Zingarelli



PRINTMAKING

Making a print is an experience in expressing one's own most unique creative ideas in a medium whose techniques are both centuries old and some, as new as tomorrow. It has the thread of historic artistic endeavor running through it to touch today's artist in today's world. Some of the most influential, most forward-looking artists have worked in this medium and have found it as responsive and exciting as its earliest practitioners must have.

As one of the most responsive means of artistic expression, printmaking has the power to portray the wide scope of creative thought found among Pratt's printmaking students.



The Communication Graphic Arts student is equipped with skills which allow him to undertake problems in the publication design field. From magazines to posters, from record album covers to book design, these designers are trained to add visual strength to an artist's words, images, thoughts and spirit.

GRAPHIC ARTS



Top Row: Left to right: Graphic Arts— Angus Patrick Nater, Tamara "Peaches" Kopper; Printmaking— Peter "Geedes" Demner; 2nd Row: Steve Büemmer, Rochelle Feinstein, 044-4894-43; 3rd Row: Ken Sofer, Sheila Zucker, Dona Quinones; 4th Row: Dot Anderson, Jennie Yue, James Zingheim. Not pictured: Graphic Arts— Dru Snyder, Frederick Marshall; Printmaking— John Bellacoso, Catherine Brothers, George Press, Jane Tingle, Singrid Trumpy.



Monday March 3, 1975

8:30 a.m. was a special time in the lives of a handful of students and faculty who make up the ceramics department. The cream-colored brick gas kiln, the new kiln this department's people had long anticipated, was stacked with brittle bisque pieces, awaiting the onslaught of searing heat that would transform the fragile dried clay into durable, beautiful ceramic-ware.

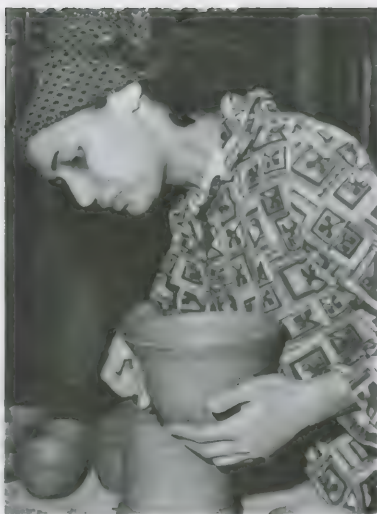
David Zanbenko lit the gas jets, and at exactly 8:30, the flame began to pour into the base of the kiln. The heat grew in intensity: from cozy yellow and orange warmth into searing vermillion flame. The magic combination of basic elements: earth, air, water and fire took place for the new gas kiln that morning.

CERAMICS





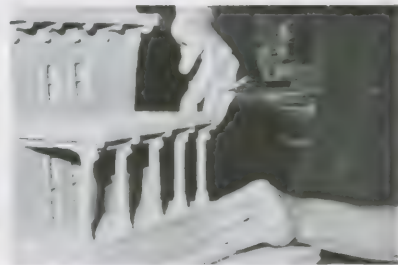
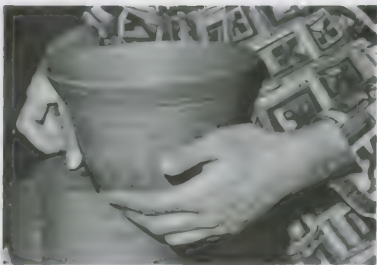
The hands of André Grasso



The hands of Ruth H. Chambers



The hands of Michael Parkinson





Mary Perruska



Ian Zdatny



Dennis Socrates Petras



Debbie Maloney

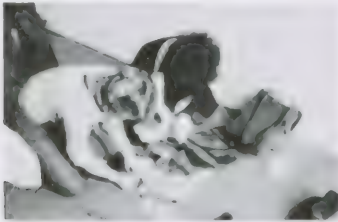
PAINTING/DRAWING

The Yearbook staff was huddled in East Hall 105 late one November night. It was bitter cold outside, but they were sweating. Really sweating.

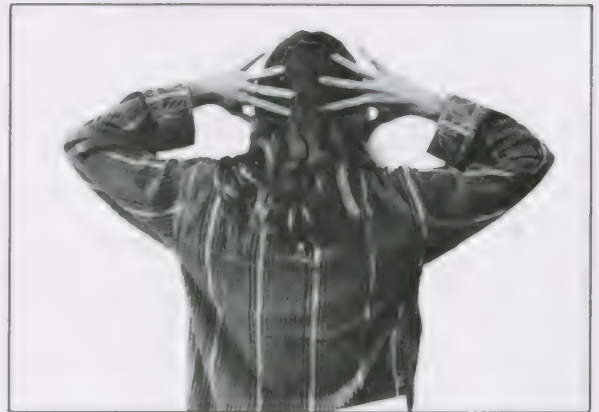
"What are we going to do with all those painting and drawing seniors?"

Someone suggested having each senior submit a self portrait, another said put pictures of them in a paint box. Finally, someone suggested T-shirts. Voila! T-Shirts! Let each student create, design and display his own T-shirt. That way we can all remember his face, and as a bonus, learn a bit about his creative talent as well.

So after begging Ralph in Jakes's for supplies, we gathered up a few jars of remp-
era, some brushes, crayons, chalk, pencils, magic markers, and construction paper, and went upstairs, dragging along our photographer, some punch in a punch bowl, and a few cookies. We had ourselves a T-shirt party, and in addition, a lot of fun. Here are the results:



Marie D. Ucci



Lana Carlin



Richard Sorrentino



Howard Sreel



Sheila Spaulding



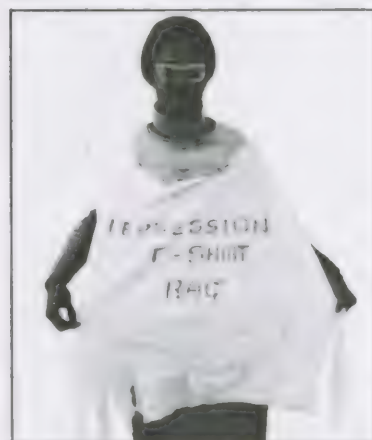
Marsha Wysocki



Tony Parillo



Kevin Sullivan



Carl Hazelwood



Mary B. Wilshire



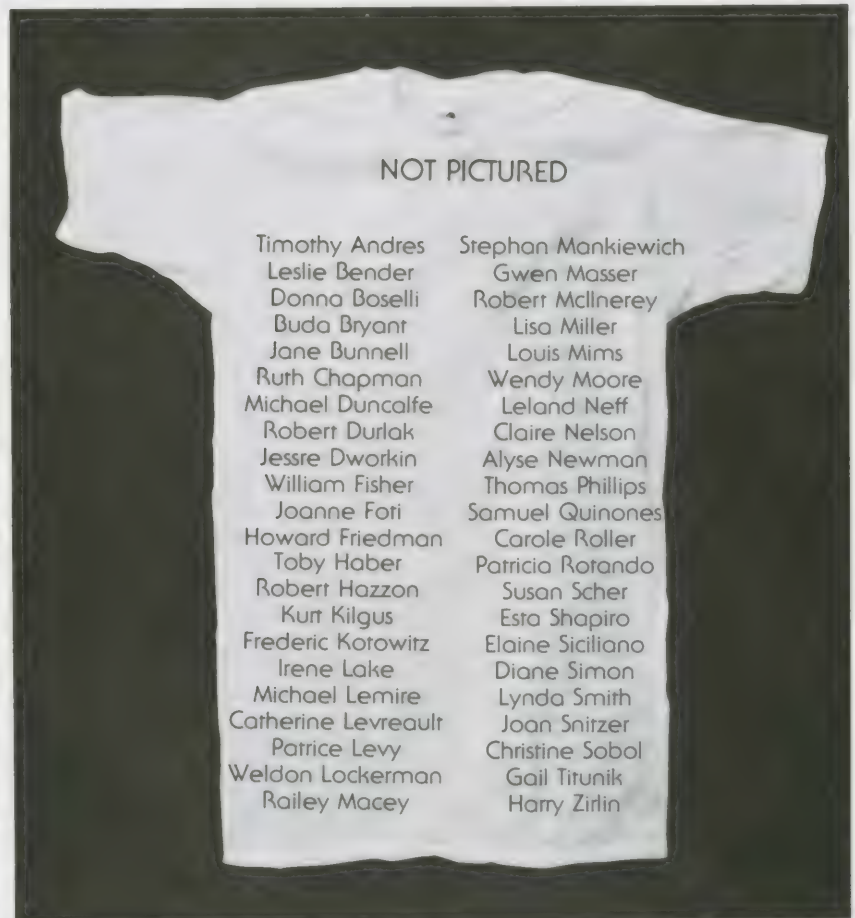
Glen Weisberg



Cynthia Walko



Jilleen Jay Johnson





It takes time to sculpt. Time to chip. Slowly. Relentlessly. At blocks of stone. Time to weld tiny, metallic joints. To push. To urge clay into shape. And form.

It takes time to learn an art, using materials as basic as the earth and as technologically advanced as steel, plastic, or chrome. In each new piece, the development of the sculpture, and the continuing growth of the artist combine in an organic process. This unique blending of personal growth and the growth of the piece is what makes sculpture such an intimate art.

SCULPTURE



Beverlyn Fray

Roya

Amy C. Thompson



George Engel

Bart Gorin

Doris Caridi

Ian Kessen

Jeanne Slamka

Cliff Goldthwaite

Peter "Rodin" Strasser

Cam Colin

Not Pictured: David Brown, Thomas Kowna, Susan Kramek, Mitchell Syrop, Valentin Tatarsky.



Art Education is practicing what you love best, your art, and getting a chance to share it and reach it to others. It's being an artist on a two-fold basis, because a good teacher is an artist. It's a blend of sensitivity to the students being taught and awareness of the actualities of classroom teaching. Much of this is gained through reaching Saturday Art School at Pratt, and student reaching. It's casting seeds on the most fertile medium of all—young minds. Nothing's more exciting than that! And last but not least, it's all that's gained from teaching. A day-in-day-out experience in growth for your students. And growth and discovery for you, their teacher, because when you teach, you learn.

ART EDUCATION

I think an good
teacher should be pretty
and nice. and smart.
and teach us or play a
game with us. ~~and~~
and show us how to
draw. ~~and~~ and let us
use paint.

Amigela Buthea
age 9



Autographs

My Friends and Classmates

1st Row susan kaimowitz Jim Loh Vonne L. Loh
 Susan Bai Francine D. Langley
 L. Sibyl Berglund Dmtra E. Lejins
 Shari M. Koltowski Jeannette Crowe Susan C. Raymer
 3rd Row Andrew Hale Eileen S. Miller Andrei P. P. P.
 Allen P. P. P. Loretta A. Rotunno Elizabeth Ann James Arlene Gordon

Student's _____ is _____

School _____ Teacher _____

Not Pictured: Louis Aponre, Emily Brown, Patricia Burkhard, Alexis Delbridge, Cheryl Doby,
 Joyce Kaufmann, John Losco, Leonard Rabenovets, Stephen Rector, Robin Sapan, Janna Schwartz.



Communications Design

Donn Albright
Donald Arieu
Raymond Barber
David Barnett
August Becker
Raymond Behar
Steven Bernstein
David Byrd
Dale Clark
Gerry Contreras
Emil Dispenza
Bruce Duhan
Dave Epstein
David Gates
Hazel Goldgell
Charles Goslin
Ruth Guzik

Design Faculty

Arthur Harris
Henry Holtzman
George Klauber
Jacob Landau
David Langley
Herschel Levit
Dean Meridith
David Passalacqua
Werner Pfeiffer
Jill Richards
Stuart Silver

Fashion

Marilyn Church
John Cloonan
Linda Daley
Madeleine Darling
Sachiko Davis
Katherina Denzinger
Rose Fabricant
Muriel Fleming
Roslyn Goldfarb
Thomas Haas
Barbara Hanlon
Susan Jones
Marion Lillard
Charles Macri
Anna Marie Magagna
Junnosuke Kandi Ohno
Bella Ornstein
Gloria Schochor
Paula Vogelsang

Environmental Design

Peter Bradford
Edward Carroll
John Copelin
Rex Curry
Willis DeLaCour
Joseph D'urso
Phillip Farrell
Frederick Goldberg
Harley Jones
Stephan Klein
Laurie Maurer
Robert McGinnis
James Morgan
Erwin Potter
Jesse Rivera

Theatre Arts

Bennet Averyt
Shelley Bartolini
Michael David
Susan Dias
William Elliott
Richard Green
Peter Harvey
Burl Hash
Robert Kalfin
Herbert Lager
Kermit Love
George New
Patricia Peters
David Shaefer
Andrew Wolk

Dance

Tina Bellas
Laura Dean
Ritha Devi
Robert Dunn
Michele Geller
John McDowell
Wish Mary Hunt Sciretta

Film

Samuel Alexander
Leslie Clark
Regina Cornwell
Robert Fiala
Robert Fontana
Lewis Jacobs
Alfred Jarnow
Stephen Koch
Babette Mangolte
Roger Philips
Peter Rose

Photography

William Arnold
Louis Draper
Drana Edkins
Arthur Freed
David Freund
Eugene Garfinkle
William Gedney
Marvin Hoshino
Helen Levitt
Judy Linn
Paul McDonough
Alan Newman
Philip Perkis

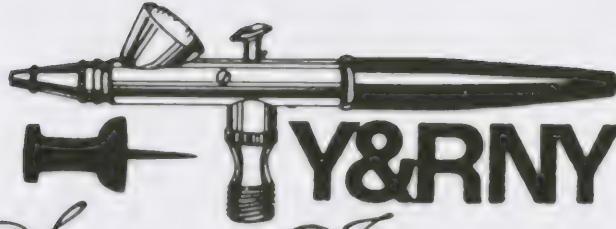
Industrial Design

Giles Aureli
John Bloch
Eleanor Eick
William Fogler
Gerald Gulotta
Yasuhiro Okuda
Rowena Reed
Alexander Sarkis
Douglas Spranger
J. Richard Welch



"A lot of us came to **Communication Design** with some artistic talent, some writing talent, and, like me, a very rosy picture of advertising. It seemed like it wouldn't be too hard to fit into that shiny world where everyone was on top of, or ahead of, everything new. And it would only be a matter of time 'til we had the office, the title and the cross-country jaunts we knew our talent would get us. Well, four years of Pratt seemed more like a daily hundred yard dash with deadlines just barely met or maybe not met and lots of bleary-eyed mornings. And, of course, work, work, and you got it, more work. But it gave us a foundation (and hopefully a portfolio) to get us through the doors of that world we've been heading toward for the past four years."





Y&RNY

Society of Illustrators

N° Letraset

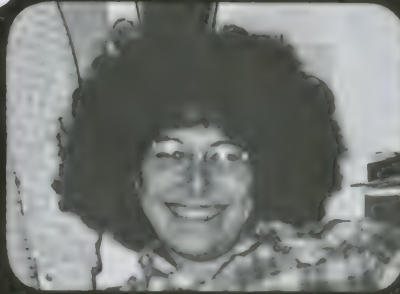
R

for

reproduction



Charles F. Fink
Instructor



The codfish lays 10,000 eggs
The homely hen lays one
The codfish never carkies
To tell you what she's done
And so we scorn the codfish
While the humble hen we prize
Which only goes to show you
That it pays to advertise



Graphic Design

Bottom L-R

Patricia P. Joe
John Zakowski
Dena Seigel
Pam Bashias
Esther Popiel
Bill Feeney
Michelle Nahum
Jane Brown

Top L-R

Suzanne Anaushian
Tom Cody
Yehuda Ake
Gene Mayer



Art Direction

L-R

Peter Algrich
Wayne Allen Moulamba
Maxine Jones
Laurel Tyndale
Neil T. Davis



Illustration

Front L-R

Jeffery Thomas Mangiat
Mary C. Russo
Ellen L. Weiss
Jeanine F. Korman

Rear L-R

James J. Zingarelli
Bob Brown
Miki McCarron
Max Gottfried
Ellen Danker
William Downey

Graphic Design

Freeman A. Bussey Jr.
Elena DiMeglio
Elaine Eisenberg
Sara Gutierrez
Judy Sue Kaufman
Kyu-Hae Kim
Mark Packo
Stephen P. Pesce
Alfonso Postiglione
James D. Radiches
Frederick J. Schuback
Stephen Allen Shedd
Robert S. Siegel
Barbara L. Sittberg
Russell Tatro
George J. Thompson
Elaine Vaizer

Illustration

Diane Joan Adzema
Michael B. Davis
Hillary Annie Dember
Norris Green

Art Direction

Debra Kay Alt
Norman Berger
Doris Klein
Lawrence J. Lamb
Gaetano Migliaccio
John Nolan
Cynthia Peregé
Bary Sid Spector
Myron Joel Stern
Robert Tarlov

Not Pictured



The Environmental Design

department with courses in lighting, furniture design, architectural graphics and more, prepares designers who will shape our physical world. The designer must certainly feel a sense of responsibility. While he does design for what we consider the here and now, he actually designs the future. Immediate and distant, he reflects where we're going as a people and what we think of ourselves. He designs the scene of our daily existence. It's a process more subtle than anything that can be written or said about us in history books, but perhaps closer to the truth. When one designs the environment he mirrors what he thinks of himself, his world and his relation to it.



Ward Truesdell
Joseph Caselli
Linda H. Green
Dennis E. Hausner
Catarina Hilburg
Susan Hoy
Richard M. Keelighy
Thung Maa Louie
Dian McCarthy
Vincent Neary
Ruth Neyad-Kranz
Rex C. Segala
Joseph Stern
Jim Webb
Max J. White
Mauri Wigore



Not Pictured
 John A. Baker
 Robert M. Baker
 Robert A. Chisholm
 John J. Cook
 Robert A. Edwards
 Robert M. Jones
 Robert M. Jones
 Robert M. Jones
 Robert M. Jones
 Robert M. Jones
 Robert M. Jones
 Robert M. Jones



Move in a little to the left;
little more, O.K. hold it!
You on the right, turn your
head a little — that's it.
Now everyone sit up straight
and face the camera.
Where's Lois and Marilyn?
Aren't they here yet? You on
the right tilt your head;
that's fine. O.K. now everyone
watch the birdie and say...



Sitting L-R
Elsie Steinman
Joseph Weiss
William Kontzias
Grace Chraime

Standing L-R
Robert Argyelan
Steven Lindner
Christopher Wentz

Not Pictured
Lois Ann Conner
Marilyn A. Miller



Damn it, who moved!



The **Fashion** dream world somehow exists in the harshest of realities New York City's 7th Avenue. It's illustrating designer-creations through fashion's standard interpretation of the perfect woman, the gaunt model. And hopefully getting enough of one's own style to make it stand out in the very large crowd of contenders for fashion's fame and fortune. It's a dream as fragile as any, but it survives and grows despite a world that's sometimes harder than the seventh avenue pavement. It's a dream of not only joining the beautiful people but being one who creates the most glittering aspect of their beauty. It's being a fashion designer. It's being a fashion illustrator.



Fashion Art

Front, L-R: Marsha A. Evans, Christine L. Burnside, Maria Kay Huittson, Deborah Burkley, Barbara Anne Rizzo, Mary Hubert. **Rear:** John J. Frimer, Jr., Joranne Sue Tonn, John Mirabella. **Not Pictured:** Lynne Harrington.



Fashion Design

First Row, L-R: Joan Eager, Barbara Kamm, W. Amy, Rhonda, Robbie Zarda, Mae Flinn. **Second Row:** Lisa, Cheryl, Kathryn, Ronald, Ingeborg, E. Kier, Mirrone, Sandra, J. John. **Third Row:** Kathy, L. Miller, Belle Avery, Linda, Gail, Janice, Nicole, Louise, Matthew, Marian, Priscilla, Deborah, Lockley, Joyce, Harbuck, Liza, Marie E. Thompson, Sandra, Newkirk. **Not Pictured:** Anna Marie Dupont, Sharon, Rose Flanagan, David, Lynn, Sylvia, Ellen, P. McCuskey, Cheryl Lynn, Boud.





In Order of
Appearance

In Order of
Appearance
Robert Alpert
Art Breslau

Robert Alpert
Art Breslau
Mark Busseil
Paula deKoenigsberg

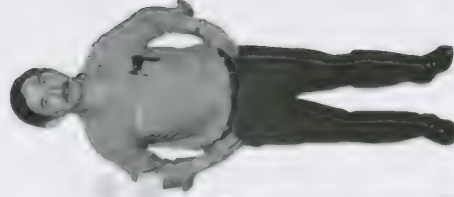
Robert Alpert
Art Breslau
Mark Busseil
Paula deKoenigsberg
Michael S. Falasco
Francis Glebas

Art Breslau
Mark Busseil
Paula deKoenigsberg
Michael S. Falasco
Francis Joyce
Kathy Monser
Constance Monser

Tony Taylor
James S. Wheelock
Not Pictured
Jennifer Ann Stearns







Fold Here

First Row L-R

Barbara Mesaulda
Bill Fernandez
Tony Young
Robert C. Wilkoff
Michael G. Andrews
Martin H. Gollman
Bob Henry
Sharon Laverne Douglas

Second Row

Trahey Tooker
John Paul Zagami
James Silverster
Allan Amick
Wayne Schmitt
Barry R. Klein
Lisa Suarez
Ilda Klumins

Third Row

Jeff Steinberg
Joy Crawford
Gheorghe Szilagyi
Bruce D. Goldstein
Donald Samuels
Alan Zitofsky
James Joel Schultz



industrial design final judgement 1975



Not Pictured Tomom I Demijon Elane K Dulko Mark G Franco Patrick Holmes Lois Elizabeth Kelley Barry B Maccauso Thomas John Mezey William I Muething III Terr Lynn Sanders

Theatre at Pratt is very new, very exciting and very, very enthusiastic. It's one of the few programs on campus that seems to flow over all of us. Just about everyone at Pratt has gone to one of the productions. And all of us (being the exhibitionists we are, secretly or not so secretly) have probably all had or still have leanings toward the theatre. For those who are actually in this department, it means a realization of that desire. Participation in a recently formed program means innovation to spare and an exploration of a major that's shared by instructors, students, and all the Pratt community.





Through the Integrative Studies Program, better known as **University Without Walls**, students are encouraged to study a chosen professional career at Pratt while working and learning at a similar job in the field. It combines the best of two worlds: a college education with the experience and training gained through related employment opportunities.

U W W

Second Row L-R

Debra Adelman

Deryck Fraser

Abby Gail Goldstein

Lucette Jiminez

Third Row

Diane Kosowski

Alexandra McPherson

Laura Numeroff

Janet Scabrini

Dru Snyder

Not Pictured

Teresa Bajanda

Jon Benquiat

Mark Bussel

Louis Cancel

Bob Cardillino

Ruth Chambers

Ines Lorenzen

John Lynch

Michele McCarron


John Millsenda

Dennis Pilkington

Jackie Wery

Cathy Zimmerman





Inter-art/design is the smorgasbord of Pratt's school of Art and Design. The program provides exposure to all kinds of possibilities in the art/design realm. It's a chance to explore many fields and many directions; a means by which one can discover a way of life as an artist/designer.

Inter-Art/Design

First Row L-R

Elena DiMeglio

James D. Radiches

Randall Scott Ross

Not Pictured

Carol A. Connor

Paula S. deKoenigsberg

Maryellen Mayr

William Mitchell

Michael John Norman

Barbara Rosenthal





*The School of
Science*

The School of Science consists of the following departments: Chemistry, Computer Science, Data Systems Management, Environmental Science and Mathematics.

Both students and faculty not only emphasize the search for truth and knowledge, traditional to schools of science, but also stress the uses and applications of their insights for the world of the future.

This goal is achieved through the Co-op program, with alternate semesters of work and school, to give students experience in the real world and the opportunity to use their knowledge acquired at Pratt.

Another route towards gaining an awareness of the world's varied needs, is an interdisciplinary research project, open to seniors in all schools, designed for solving significant problems.

It is by these and other similar opportunities that Pratt helps to mold the budding young scientists of tomorrow. Science graduates leave this small Brooklyn campus aware of the potential they possess for improving the world and solving the problems that plague our universe.

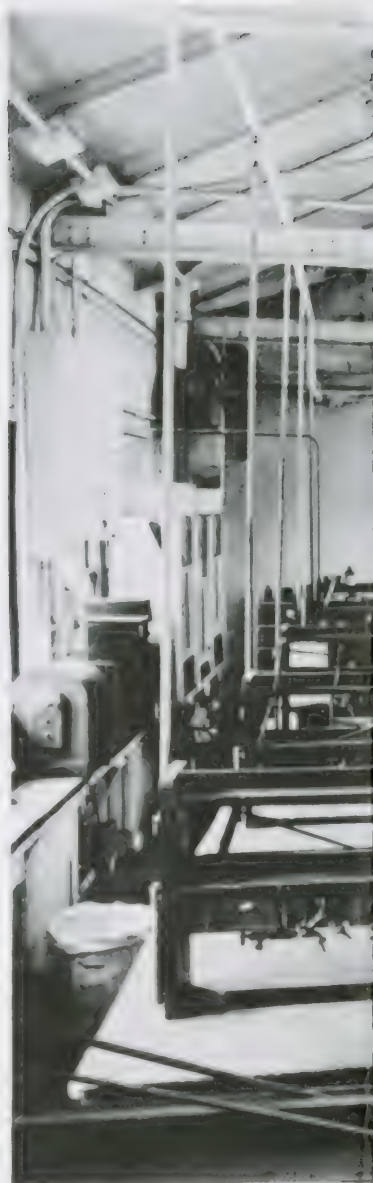


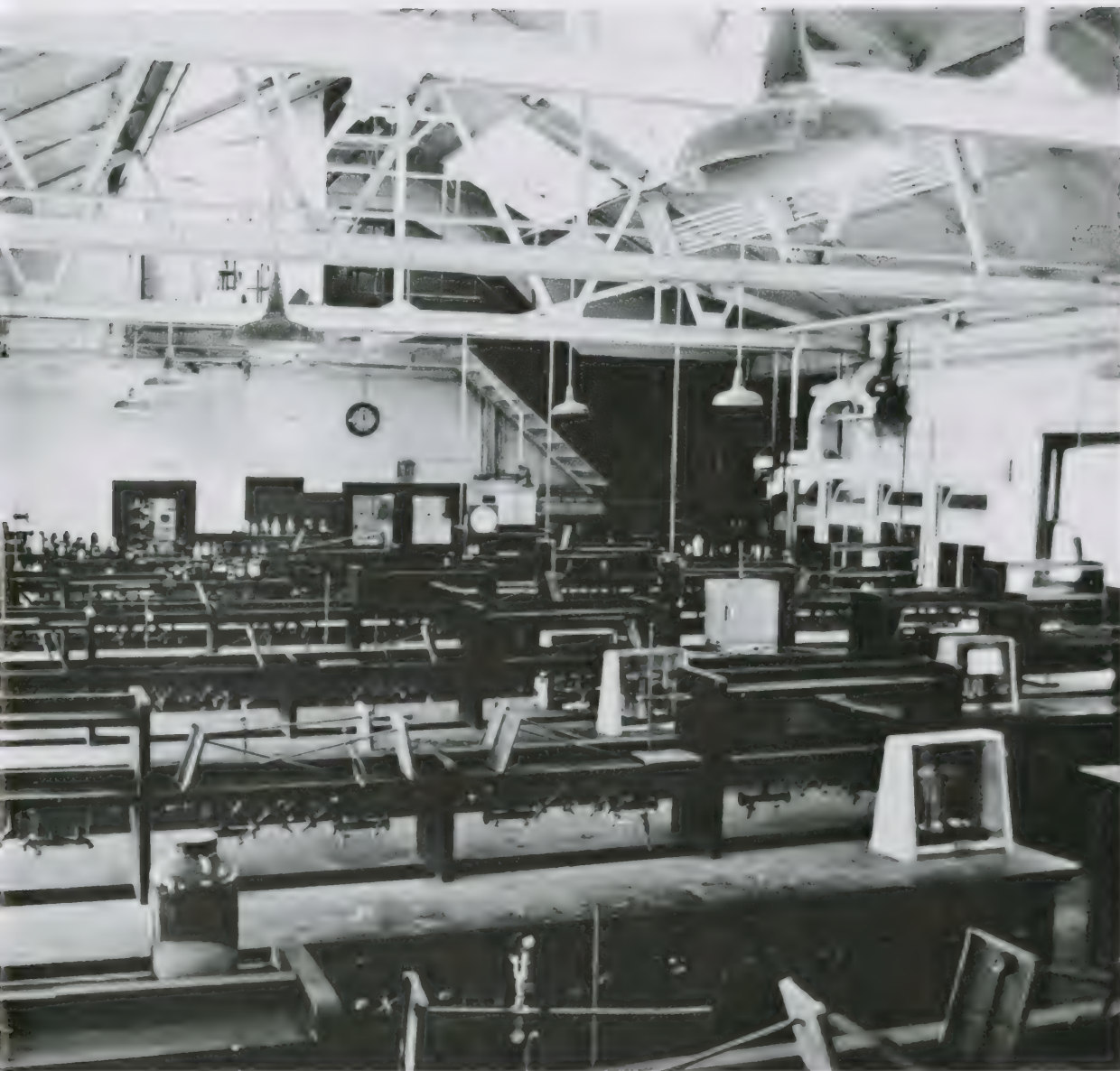




Science School Faculty

*Tamas Bartha
 Marvin Charton
 Donald Duncan
 Burton Fabricand
 Abraham Finkelstein
 Martin Fried
 Paul Friedman
 Benjamin Gross
 George Helme
 Harry Katzan
 John McClaron
 John O'Gorman
 Stanley Petrick
 Frank Rand
 Frank Servas
 Gerson Sparer
 Herbert Tesser*





Science

<i>DSM</i>	<i>Data Systems Management</i>
<i>CHEM</i>	<i>Chemistry</i>
<i>CS</i>	<i>Computer Science</i>
<i>MATH</i>	<i>Math</i>
<i>ENV</i>	<i>Environmental Science</i>

Engineering

<i>IE</i>	<i>Industrial Engineering</i>
<i>CE</i>	<i>Chemical Engineering</i>
<i>ME</i>	<i>Mechanical Engineering</i>
<i>AE</i>	<i>Architectural Engineering</i>
<i>EE</i>	<i>Electrical Engineering</i>

"Men love to wonder, and that is the seed of science."

Ralph Waldo Emerson



Patricia Eletto
Winston C. Roche

Robert Herrmann
Kenneth Rosenbaum
Richard Blair

Alicia F. Irving
Arthur Schroeder
Philip Linz

Richard J. Kempter
Lou Trimarco
Eric Young

Jeffrey Relkin
Adrien Marcel Veltri



Arnold Johnson

John Karis
Wendell B. Bither, Jr.

Joel S. Binn
Chrissi Nicolas
Sharon A. Stein

Franklin Chew
Charles Sugden

Arthur Goldstein
James A. Vaught, Jr.
Philip G. Fitzpatrick



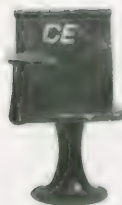
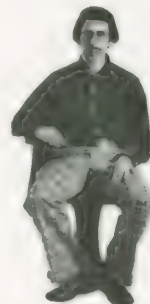
Let Fai Chin
Paul J. Kassos
Daniel Pontecorvo
Anthony Francis

Morris Levie Chin
Jack Mayer
Carl J. Saieva
Carlos Genser

Kwong Chung Chiu
Monte L. Moon
Philbert Singh
Tyrone A. Gray

Raymond Contreas
Nick D. Mundo
Miguel Villaplana
Roger E. Hawks

David Bruce Dolny
Adenowo Osinowo
Philip Venticinque
Douglas Johnston



Gilbert Cruz
Robert A. Post

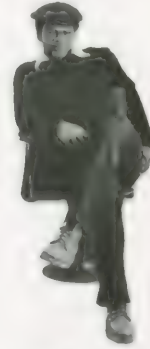
Joel DeStefano
Anthony D. Rosato
Eugene A. DeSantis

Vincent P. Fuggetta
John Tillotson
David Duerr

Jagnarine Baldeo
Hing Wah Louie
John W. Tradeski Jr.
George W. Hopkins

Leslie Burnett
Guiliano Mancini
Edward L. Wong
Dennis W. Schmatz

Jeffery Chrisey
Bruce Mann
Louis A. Yula
Robert Triscoli



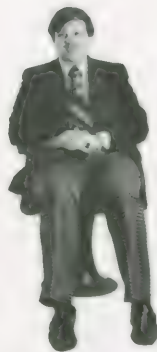
Earl H. Anderson
Mostafa Bigdeli
Thansit Chentaphun

James E. Ball
Alfred Brito
William Chew

Frank Ballesteros
Richard S. Burrow
Warren M. Dasczynski

Denzil F. Beaufort
Michael Castrogiovanni
Piti Devakula

Walter Bergman
Paul S. Chilson
Elliot Drayton



*Alix Duvalsaint
Joseph Lattanzio
Victor Minichiello*

*Kenneth Ferguson
Larry H. Levine
Kevin A. Mussmacher*

*Craig Fischette
Milan Licul
Rex Nathanson*

*Martin Friedman
Ernest L. Lindsay
Pierre Némorin*

*Frederick Gaylord
John Machemer
John Parnell*



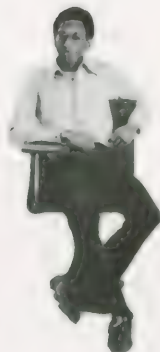
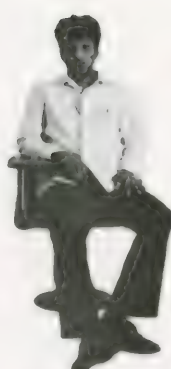
Leary Gilpin
David S. Madison
Steven Pautz

Frank Guest
Panagiotis Maravelias
Charles L. Perrin

Hugo Hodge
Wilbert Maxton Jr.
Fabian Price

Bhownashur Jairam
Franz F. Mevs
Mitchell Raczy

Ben Z. Kreisman
James Milliner Jr.
Joseph Reinhold



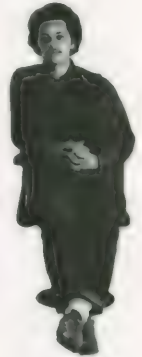
George V. A. Rohlehr
George J. Stanko
Rudolf J. Wengjen

George P. Rutkunas
Efthimis Stenfanidis
Augustus White

Miguel Santiago
Michael Tavella
Pak Sing Yip

Octavio Rodriguez Jr.
Balkissoon Seunarine
Ferdinand T. Van Steen
Gerald S. Youngewirth

Ricardo Rodriguez
William Stallings
Michael Warner
Frank Verni





*"The great pleasure in life is doing
what people say you cannot do."*

Walter Bagehot

Faculty

Fred Assadourian

Peter Basch

Eleanor Baum

Theodore Borecki

Howard Boyet

Joseph Jannone

Esmet Kamil

Max Klinger

Herman Krinsky

Joel Levitt

Haroun Mahrous

Richard North

John Rice

Arthur Seidman

Demetrius Zelios

ENGINEERING

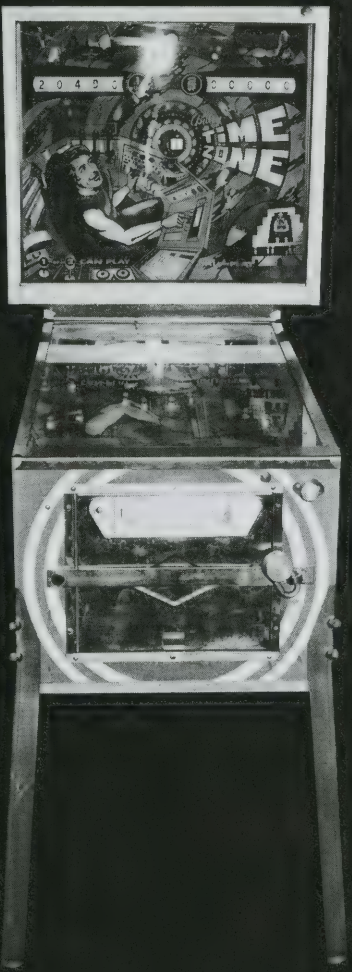
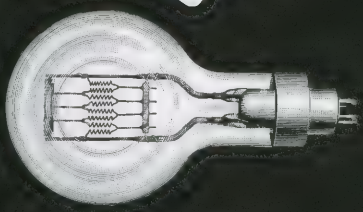
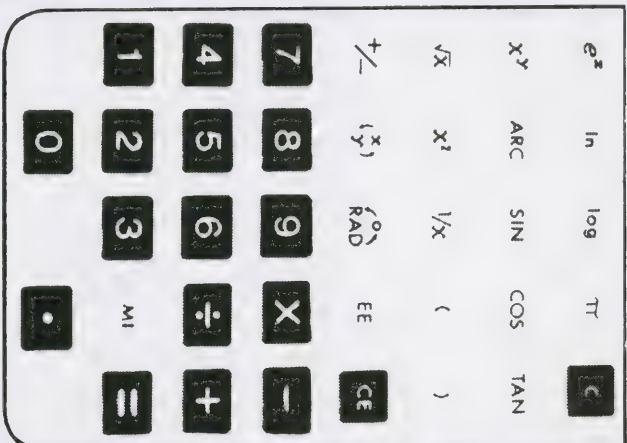


Students generally have fixed career goals in mind when they arrive here at Pratt. One of the Engineering School's greatest assets is the availability of curriculums geared toward the existing job market and taught by professionals in the field. Students may continue their education by studying everything from law to medicine upon receiving an engineering degree from Pratt. Engineering involves learning what makes the world we live in tick. We think of engineering as possibly the most down to earth course of study. However, when you realize engineering students are trained for the demands of the future one can appreciate the imagination and innovative thinking that the job requires. Pratt's a good place for the innovative end of it, as well as for acquiring the basic technical skills. The Institute emphasizes the advantage of field work by encouraging programs like co-op which offer a taste of the jobs out there in the real world. Never forgetting, that ultimately, Pratt is a process of preparation and not an end in itself.





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SCHOOL OF PROFESSIONAL STUDIES



SCHOOL of PROFESSIONAL STUDIES FACULTY

Three decorative circular ornaments are hanging from a string. The leftmost ornament is a smooth, light brown disc. The middle ornament is a larger, textured brown disc with a lighter, circular center. The rightmost ornament is a white, crumpled fabric-like disc. The string is white and has small gold-colored rings at the ends.

Alton Burton
Henry Cov
Nicholas D'Archangel
Philip Dworkin
Richard Flanigan
Howard Horii
Leo Kuhn
Joseph La Rocca
Harry Mahler
Paul Mauch
Irving Minkin
Philip Olin
Jules Sells
Bertram Sherman
Irving H. Sigman
Lewis Sunderland
Norbert Turkel
Sam Unger
Murray Weber

Felix Francis Buttar
Karen Durst
Andrew Edson
Rose Fabricant
Ophelia Gilliam
Murray Gottlieb
Judie Grimaldi
Thomas Hass
Nina Kurtis
Sheila Marks
Barbara Romm
Norman Shwartz
Elyse Sommer
Ina Stewart
Gladys Toulis
Paula Vogelsang

Edward Arwady
Edward Bianchi
Raymond Borichewski
Sister Margaret Franks
Allen Freedman
Joan Goldman
Gloria Gramaglia
Rene Harker
Irene Judge
Richard Kemble
Hilda Kriegenhoffer
Guy Livingston
Curt Nickel
Irving Perlman
Alyette Schizas
Sidney Schwartz
John Silvestro
Robert Strazzula
Mildred Stricevic
Elba Velasco
Alfred Zahler



BUILDING SCIENCE AND CO

FIRST GIRDER

Raymond Muller
George Guy
Paul Yves

Thomas Baynes
Norman Greaves
Ted Rankin

Randolph Roberts
Henry Lederman
Desmond Ugwudi

Dev Gillroy
Kenneth Brown
Frank Cardello

SECOND GIRDER

Frank Visich
Lonnie Ng
Ron Mischo



CONSTRUCTION MANAGEMENT

John Buraczynski
Hank Visco
Dom Cimino

John Tomanelli
Lewko Maystrenko
Phillip Lieb

Mitchell Newman
Allen Wortman
James Mitchell

THIRD GIRDER

John Dimilla
Michael Garone
John Ilardo

Andrew Jenkins
Victor Moreno
Clement Muniz

Richard Saccardi
Frank Tuzio
George Wiles



Fashion Merchandising

On Display

Andrea Bell

Raymond Rice

Patricia Torch

Monte E. McChesler

Debra Edgerson

David Pappell

Not Shown

Beth Feldman

Tatiana Greig

Terenda Leharff

Nancy Lebellack

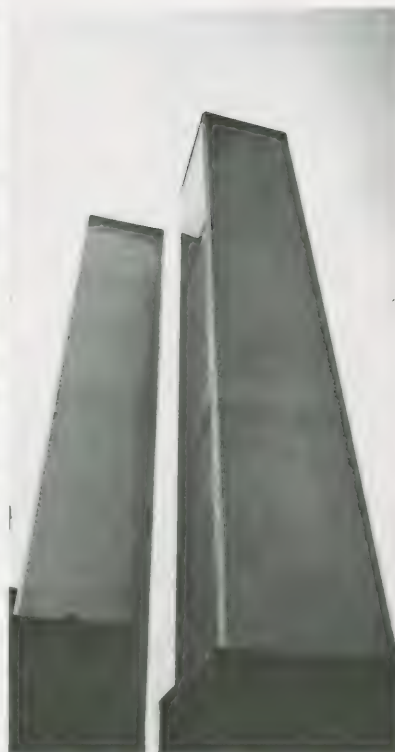
Marka Redacht





NEW YORK

With the Seventh Avenue garment district, more than any other place in the world, engineering feats of our time; is a tail Professional Studies student.



rk City:

t, more gourmet restaurants per square
d and some of the greatest structural
or made laboratory for the School of



Sweet & Sour Meatballs

Fredric Levitt

2 lbs. Chopped Meat	1 Egg	garlic	Basil
½ c flavored Bread Crumbs	Pepper	Oregano	Salt

Mix all ingredients and roll into balls. Add spices to taste. Sauce: 1 can Biondi Marinara Sauce (16 oz), 1 can Ocean Spray Whole-berry Cranberry sauce (16 oz) - Place Meatballs and Sauce into a pot, cover and bring to a boil. When boil is reached, simmer for 1 - 1½ hours, until sauce thickens. Turn every 15 minutes.

At the last 15 min, add one can drained pineapple chunks. When done, skim oil off top. Serve on top of bed of rice. Serves six.

Bloody Rum

Frank Caponong

8 oz Tomato Juice
2 oz Light Rum
½ oz Lemon Juice

1 T. Horseradish
1 t Worcestershire sauce
Dash of Tabasco sauce

Pinch of Celery Salt

Pinch of Salt

Mix all ingredients over ice. Serve in a tall glass and garnish with a twist of lemon.

Date Nut Bread

David Shand

2 c boiling Water
4 c Dates, chopped
1½ c Pecans, chopped

4 c Flour
1 t Baking Powder
2 beaten Eggs

½ c Fat
1 c Sugar
4 c Flour

1 t Vanilla
1 t Salt

Add boiling water to dates. Cover. Cool. Sift flour, soda, baking powder, and salt together. Cream fat, add sugar gradually. Cream well after each addition. Add eggs, vanilla and date mixture, then flour mixture gradually, and then finally the nuts. Pour into oiled loaf pans, 8½ x 4½ x 2½ inches.

Bake at 350 degrees F., one to one and one half hours. Makes two loaves.

Finger Drumsticks

Marc Platt

3 lbs. Chicken Wings
½ c Sugar
¾ c Water

⅓ c Lemon Juice
¼ c Soy Sauce
3 T. Cornstarch

1 t Salt
½ t Ground Ginger
¼ t Pepper

Singe Chicken wings. Divide each wing in half by cutting through joint. Place on broiler pan, single layer.

Bake at 400 degrees, 30 minutes.

Mix sugar, cornstarch, salt, ginger, and pepper in a small saucepan; stir in water, lemon juice and soy sauce, cook stirring constantly until mixture thickens and boils, about 3 minutes. Brush part over chicken wings. Continue baking, turning and brushing with remaining lemon mixture 40 minutes until richly glazed. Place in a chafing dish and garnish with lemon slices.

Table Left
Rosael Icollazo
Claudia Turner
Adebola Ijason

Table Right
Genevieve Chung
Shirley Gibbs
Myrna Johnson
Zandile Nduli



FOODIES



Out To Lunch

Maura Dillon
Karnili Gorbatow
Lucy Habermann
Susan Kowalski
Patricia Layne
Victoria Malik
Judith McIntosh
Mattie Oliver
Alma Pendelton
Faith Perry
JoAnn Serra
Thomas Taylor
Carol Gabrielle
Carolle Walker
Margaret Wilson
Blanche Wolfer
Margaret Young





*"No person who is
enthusiastic about his work has
anything to fear from life."*

Samuel Goldwyn

